

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS: ROBERT ODE

Nov. 4, 1979 –day of capture  
Nov. 5—moved from Residence living room to dining room  
Nov. 6—moved to Mushroom Inn  
Nov.13 –moved to Ambassador's bedroom in Residence  
Nov. 25 or 26—moved to private residence in northern part of Iran (had bed with mattress)  
Dec. 6 or 7—moved back to Embassy Residence (Ambassador's study next to his bedroom)  
Dec. 11—moved to back bedroom of Embassy residence (given mattress)  
Dec. 13--first outdoor exercise, received first mail.  
Dec. 16—wedding ring returned to me (43<sup>rd</sup> day)  
Dec. 26 wrote letters to Washington Post, President, Sec'y of State, Senator Warner and Congressman Fisher  
Dec.30—moved to basement of Chancery  
Jan. 5, 1980—cameo ring given to me by parents on my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday returned to me (63<sup>rd</sup> day)  
Jan. 15--letter I wrote Rita was torn up in front of me because I referred to students as SOB's. Was told I would receive no more mail—ever! Wrote letter of apology to students so I could persuade them to give me mail. Began to have very sore back and sore tip of spine from sitting so much and lack of exercise.  
February 4—received letter from my wife dated Jan. 17 telling me how she had remained home alone all Christmas Eve awaiting an expected call from me that never came. I knew nothing about the call.  
February 5—night of “Gestapo” type raid  
February 17—was informed my wife had called on/about February 15 requesting info urgently about the house, selling our Mustang, etc.  
February 18—wrote letter to Dr Destry, Chief Medical Office in Dept. re: heart condition, letter never mailed.  
February 25—permitted to write Special Delivery letter to my wife in reply to her phone call, but not permitted to call her or make a tape  
February 28—Blucher and I moved to better room on main floor of Chancery (formerly part of DAO office).  
Mar. 20—Blucher moved to a room to himself and Bruce German moved into my room  
Mar.21—first really hot shower—in “Mushroom Inn”  
Mar. 29—first definite knowledge that my apartment had been ransacked  
Apr. 14—visit of International Red Cross  
Apr. 18—wrote letters to Wash. Post, Chicago-Tribune, Los Angeles Times & Mike Wallace of CBS “60 Minutes”, but letters apparently never mailed  
Apr. 24—received taped phone message from my wife informing me she had received two letters. I wrote first week of April, taken to US by Rev. Bremer but had re'd only 5 letters in February and none in March  
Apr.25—Bruce German moved out of our room about midnight. I was told to remain there for the night.  
Apr.26—moved to another room down the hall, sharing it with Don Hohman, US Army Nurse.  
May 1 (approximate.)—Hohman moved into another room.  
May 9—moved to new room across hall adjoining Queen and Hohman (we each have separate rooms that connect).

June 2—Queen moved out of his adjoining room into mine so the two of us now share my room  
June 12—much gunfire. Apparently a demonstration by persons who are against the students holding us.

#### ACTUAL DIARY ENTRIES

Nov. 3, 1979. Went to Embassy residence in evening to see movie. After movie was told by Charge' that Consular Section was to be closed the next day so that the front could be repainted where demonstrators had painted slogans. I was surprised to receive this news as I had not heard about it elsewhere.

Nov. 4, 1979: Since I wasn't sure whether we were expected to work at the Consular Section, in view of what the Charge' had told me last evening, I went to the office just the same at 7:30 as I had quite a bit of work to do anyway. When I got there, however, I found that everyone was coming to work as usual but we were not open to the general public. About 9:00 I was in my office when a young American woman, apparently the wife of an Iranian, was shown into my office as she wanted to obtain her mother-in-law's Iranian passport that had been left at the Consular Section a day or so before for a non-immigrant visa. Just as I was talking to her in an attempt to find out to whom the passport had been issued, when it was left with us, etc., we were told by the Consul General to drop everything and get up to the second floor of the Consular Section. I really didn't know what was happening but was told that a mob had managed to get into the Embassy Compound and, for our own protection, everyone had to go upstairs immediately.

I noticed that the Consul General was removing the visa plates and locking the visa stamping machines. I went upstairs with the American woman and could see a number of young men in the area between the rear of the Consular Section and the Embassy CO-OP store. We were told to sit on the floor in the outer hallway offices. A Marine Security Guard was present and was in contact with the main Embassy building (Chancery) by walkie-talkie. After an hour or so we could hear that the mob, which turned out to be student revolutionaries, were also on the walkie-talkie. The Marine Guard then advised that we were going to evacuate the Consular Section.

There were some visitors on the second floor in the Immigrant Visa Unit and the American Services Unit. I was asked to assist an elderly gentleman, either an American of Iranian origin or an Iranian citizen, I don't know, since he was almost blind and was completely terrified, and to be the first one out of the building. When we got outside he was met by a relative who took him away in his car. The students outside the Consular Section appeared to be somewhat confused at that point and the Consul General and about four other American members of the Consular Section, of which I was one, started up the street with the intention of going to his residence. When we were about 1 ½ blocks from the Consular Section we were surrounded by a group of the students, who were armed, and told to return to the Compound. When we protested a shot was fired into the air above our heads.

It was raining moderately at the time. We were taken back to the Compound, being pushed and hurried along the way and forced to put our hands above our heads and then marched to the Embassy residence. After arriving at the residence I had my hands tied behind my back so

tightly with nylon cord that circulation was cut off. I was taken upstairs and put alone in a rear bedroom and after a short time was blindfolded. After protesting strongly that the cord was too tight the cord was removed and the blindfold taken off when they tried to feed me some dates and I refused to eat anything I couldn't see. I strongly protested the violation of my diplomatic immunity, but these protests were ignored. I then was required to sit in a chair facing the bedroom wall. Then another older student came in and when I again protested the violation of my diplomatic immunity he confiscated my U.S. Mission Tehran I.D. card. My hands were again tied and I was taken to the Embassy living room on the ground floor where a number of other hostages were gathered. Some students attempted to talk with us, stating how they didn't hate Americans--only our U.S. Government, President Carter, etc. We were given sandwiches and that night I slept on the living room floor. We were not permitted to talk to our fellow hostages and from then on our hands were tied day and night and only removed while we were eating or had to go to the bathroom.

Nov. 5, 1979: After remaining in the living room the next morning I was taken into the Embassy dining room and forced to sit on a dining room chair around the table with about twelve or so other hostages. Our hands were tied to each side of the chair. We could only rest by leaning on to the dining table and resting our head on a small cushion. The drapes were drawn and we were not permitted to talk with the other hostages. At one point my captors also tried to make me face the wall but I objected since I had no way to rest my head and after considerable objections I was permitted to continue facing the table. Our captors always conversed in stage whispers. We were untied and taken to the toilet as necessary as well as into a small dining room adjacent for meals, then returned to our chairs and again tied to the chair. I slept that night on the floor under the dining table with a piece of drapery for a cover.

Nov. 6, 1979: Spent the day again tied to chairs in the dining room and we were all required to surrender all personal items for "security purposes". I tried to hide my wedding ring and cameo ring that had been given to me by my parents on my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday by sitting on them but the following items were forcibly taken from me and my pockets emptied except for some Iranian coins.

- 1 – Gold band wedding ring
- 1 – Gold cameo ring
- 1 – Timex wrist watch
- 1 – Ball point pen with "American President Lines" insignia
- 1 – Pocket comb in Florentine leather case
- 1 – Set of apartment and luggage keys
- 1 – Brown imitation leather notebook

Just after I had gone to bed on the floor under the dining table, I was aroused, handcuffed to another hostage, a blanket was placed over my head, and I was taken in a car or small bus to another building which turned out to be the "warehouse" (building formerly used for certain sensitive equipment). I was placed in a large room with approximately 20 other hostages. It was very hot, almost no ventilation. I had to sleep on a hard floor with only one small pillow cushion. Blankets not necessary as it was so beastly hot. Remained in this warehouse about one week. Toilets were filthy. Had to be blindfolded to go to toilets. Took first shower—water cold—also washed out shirt and underwear in shower stall while taking shower. While in the warehouse a number of the hostages had their valuables returned to them but I was not one of

them. On November 9<sup>th</sup>, my 22<sup>nd</sup> wedding anniversary, I begged to have my wedding ring returned but repeated requests were to no avail. While in the warehouse, TV camera crew took films of hostages. I objected and gave them the “finger” (up yours) sign. My hands were kept tied. However, I managed to loosen my bonds during the night to enable me to sleep a little more comfortably. We were given toothbrushes and toothpaste and also some books to read that had been stored in the warehouse by the American High School of Tehran when it closed up during the previous revolution.

Nov.13, 1979 (approximately) I remained in the warehouse until approximately this date when I was awakened sometime during the night, again blindfolded, handcuffed, and a blanket placed over my head and again taken in a vehicle to another location which turned out to be the Ambassador’s bedroom on the second floor, southeast corner of the Embassy residence. I again slept on the floor with student guards in the room, lights burning all night, always much talking, whispering, and coming and going by the student guards. During the day the drapes were closed and we were required to sit on chairs facing the wall. There were approximately five other hostages in this room but we were not permitted to converse with each other. Our hands were kept tied day and night. Since the bathroom adjoined this room it was not necessary to be blindfolded to go to the bathroom but we always had to request permission. At night we slept on the floor. I was given a bathroom rug to lie on to make the floor less uncomfortable and was given a warm blanket. Sometimes I was tied to the chair, rather than just having my hands tied. Sitting in a chair all day long was extremely tiresome. While in this room I was issued a Scottish lamb’s wool sweater and a pair of underwear briefs from our Embassy CO-OP supply. We also received a visit from the Pope’s representative—a fat, dumpy little Italian who saw me reading a book, tapped me on the arm and clucked “Molto buono” and “Pazienza”. We also had three representatives from diplomatic missions in Tehran. Was told one was Belgian, another Syrian, and the third one I don’t recall. They just walked through—had no conversation with us, and just looked at us as though we were animals in a zoo! On or about November 14, I was taken downstairs and asked to sign a statement requesting our Government to return the Shah so that we could be freed. I told my captors that it was useless since I knew that our Government would not do so, but that I was willing to sign the petition just because I knew that it was a useless gesture. I noted that my name was #36 on the list of signers. At another time I had to complete a mimeographed form giving personal data such as my name, birth date, position in the Embassy and my duties. I again protested the violation of my diplomatic immunity in writing on this form.

Nov.25 or 26 (approximately): During the night of Nov. 25 or 26, I was awakened, blindfolded and handcuffed, and taken in a vehicle to another location off the Embassy Compound, which I estimated to be about 10 to 15 minutes distant by car. This turned out to be a private residence that apparently had been abandoned and then taken over by student “squatters”. I was placed in an upstairs room together with David Roeder, Assistant Air Attaché’. There were two beds in the room with mattresses. Room was very chilly but an electric heater was placed in the room and we were given extra blankets. Bed had pillow and sheet. Here Dave and I were allowed to talk as long as we didn’t talk too loudly; were given a chess set and I taught Dave how to play. Also, no guards stayed in the room with us and we could turn our lights out at night. The bathroom was across the hall and we were not blindfolded when going to the bathroom. The bathroom was filthy, as usual. After a few days heat came into radiators in our room and we had warm water

for a standing bath with hand held “telephone type” shower (the tub was too dirty to sit in). Bathroom floor was usually swimming in water and dirty. We had to wash our dishes in the sink in this bathroom. While student guards did not occupy our room continuously they were always present in the wide hallway with automatic rifle or machine gun. One night a shot was fired, apparently by accident. Permission had to be requested to use the bathroom for toilet purposes or doing our dishes, but we were not blindfolded. However, we never saw any of the other hostages who were on the same floor. Venetian blinds were always closed in our room and the window was covered inside and out with newspapers. Our hands were not kept tied while in this house. We had reading material, books but no newspapers or current magazines, and we played chess and exercised in our room. Food at the private residence was poor, as any food sent from the Embassy residence kitchen was usually cold when we got it. Things prepared at the private residence usually consisted of warmed up, canned soups, canned ravioli or spaghetti and meat balls. Ugh! Our Thanksgiving Dinner consisted of canned soup!

One day I was required to tell where I lived in Tehran. I honestly could not remember the name of the street or my phone number. However, they would not believe me and I was told it would go “very hard” on me if I didn’t give them the information, so I drew them a diagram on how to find my apartment.

Note: While still in the Ambassadors’ bedroom at the residence we were give a short preprinted form letter prepared by the International Red Cross to write our families. The form was sufficient for only about six lines of correspondence. I refused to use this form as I felt that the Iranian mail system was adequate if we were to be permitted to write. Students tried to force me to use this form but I refused. As far as I am aware, no one who did use this form received a reply from the recipient who also had to complete another 6-line space on the form.

December 6, 1979 (approximately): On or about the night of Dec.6 – 7 we were awakened about 1:30 a.m., told to dress and get ready to move. I thought that this time we were going to be released and prayed fervently that such would be the case. We were again blindfolded, our hands were tied, a blanket was placed over my head, and I was led out of the building into a vehicle which seemed to be a small van or bus. When we arrived at our destination I realized we were back again on the Embassy Compound as I could hear the usual night-long demonstrations, amplifiers, etc.

When my blindfold was removed I found that Dave Roeder and I were in a study at the Embassy residence, separated from the Ambassador’s bedroom where we were formerly by the Ambassador’s bathroom which by now was much filthier than even before! That night I slept on a sofa (too short for me) and Dave was again on the floor. After that night I too had to sleep on the floor. Dave had been next to me in the Ambassador’s bedroom but we were not permitted to speak to each other. Here again we were not permitted to speak, had a guard in our room at all times, day and night, and a light was kept burning in our room all night. Since the bathroom was adjacent, we didn’t have to be blindfolded to go to the toilet but our hands were again tied except when we had to use the bathroom and when we were eating. The next day we were joined by Al Golocinski, the Security Officer. Since both Dave and Al smoked I took the daily cigarette ration of four cigarettes and shared mine with them.

December 9, 1979: The night of December 9<sup>th</sup> Dave was taken from the room about nine or ten p.m. and wasn’t returned until about 5:00 a.m. the next morning. I later learned he had been thoroughly interrogated. The following night he was taken out again and did not return. He was

replaced in the room by an American named John Limbert. That was the last I saw of Dave Roeder.

December 11, 1979: About 1:30 or 2:00 a.m.-- I was awakened, blindfolded and taken to another room in the residence; a bedroom at the southwest corner. I was given a mattress to lie on. Shortly thereafter two other hostages, Bruce German, B&F Officer, and Robert Blucher, Commercial Attaché, were brought into the room to replace Barry Rosen and another hostage who were taken elsewhere. Although the drapes were drawn at all times and we had the usual guard in the room 24 hours a day and a light burning all night, as usual, it was, in general, a more comfortable room, as we had a bathroom leading off our room that, at first, was fairly clean, and was not used by too many others. The toilet was fairly clean and worked properly and we had warm water for showers, shaving and washing our dishes. The usual restrictions remained—no talking, hands tied at all times. We were given a Gillette “Trac II” safety razor and a can of shaving soap for our own use so I shaved off my accumulated beard of 38 days, leaving only a “goatee”. We could shower and wash our underwear and socks as often as we wished. From time to time we were blindfolded, a blanket placed over our head and were taken to a walled-in enclosure off the residence kitchen for about 15 minutes of exercise.

December 12 and 14 (approximately): On December 14 I was taken out doors for the first time for exercise—my 41<sup>st</sup> day of captivity! Although I had been exercising in my rooms by pacing back and forth as much as possible, being out in the fresh air for the first time made me feel almost as though I had just gotten up from a hospital bed for the first time after a long period in the hospital! I actually felt rather weak and wobbly! One of the guards asked me why I didn’t jump around and exercised more vigorously, rather than just walk around in the yard, but I actually couldn’t --just felt too weak! Either on December 12 or 14 I was given two letters that had arrived from Rita, as well as one from Grandma Bode! I was delighted to receive them--the first that I had heard from anyone and noted that the address was the “Iran Working Group, Wash. D.C.” However, I had to return the letters to my captors after having read them, and was not allowed to retain them in my possession, even though I protested that they were personal letters from my wife and a friend. I immediately answered them and was told that I could now write as often as I wished. I had to request paper, envelopes and a ball-point pen from the guard on duty each time and had to return the pen and any unused paper as I wasn’t permitted to retain them. At that moment, I was the only one in my room to receive mail. I felt badly about this as I knew that, Bruce German in particular, was very worried about his wife and children.

December 16, 1979: When I had been exercising outdoors I had again asked the guard on duty who appeared to be one of the “leaders” of the students if I could have my wedding ring and my cameo ring returned to me. I had made many previous requests but without success. So on my 43<sup>rd</sup> day of captivity, while I was outdoors exercising in the enclosure, this particular student held up a ring and asked if it was mine. Since I didn’t have my glasses with me, I could only distinguish that it was a plain gold band. However, he read the inscription inside the ring to me and I ascertained that it was indeed my ring. You can’t imagine how grateful I was to have it on my finger again! However, the cameo ring given to me by my parents on my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday was still not returned to me.

December 24 and 25, 1979: During the day of December 24 we had been told that the Ayatollah Khomeini had proposed to the U.S. that some priests be sent to Tehran to conduct Christmas religious services for the hostages. On Christmas Eve one of the students came to our room with a number of blank Christmas cards asking whether we wanted to write them to our families. Since I knew that they wouldn't receive them until long after Christmas, I declined to write any. Then later we were told that priests were coming to conduct services and that they would take them back to the U.S. with them for mailing so I then wrote a short letter to my wife. We sat around waiting for a couple of hours on Christmas Eve to attend the services but were told that the priest hadn't yet arrived, so we went back to bed. About 2:30 a.m. December 25 we were awakened, told to dress to go downstairs for the services. Our hands were tied as usual and we were blindfolded until just as we entered the residence living room when our hands were untied and our blindfolds removed. We were led into the living room where bright lights were directed at us and cameramen were taking films for TV and stills for newspapers.

Although we had expected that all of us would be in a group for either non-denominational services or a mass for the Catholics, we found instead that only four of us were in the room...Bruce German, myself, the U.S. Army hospital corpsman Don Hohman, and one other I didn't know [William Royer—Iran American Society], flanked on both sides by our captors. The room had been decorated for Christmas with a tree, decorations on the walls, and a table with oranges, apples, some Christmas cookies and Kraft caramels on plates, obviously all this was for public relations (TV), etc., not really to make our Christmas any happier. As nearly as I could determine, the "priests" turned out to be one man--a Rev. Coffin of Riverside Memorial Church in New York who, I later learned, was Dr. Sloan Coffin. He was a large man with a maroon robe who gave us a short talk about how we shouldn't indulge in self-pity (not a very comforting message considering the circumstances) and he then sat at the piano and played a few Christmas carols in which we joined--the four of us.

He apparently had been informed that I was the oldest hostage, as he knew my name and asked me how I was getting along. I told him that if he was under the impression that the students were being kind to us, that it wasn't true. I took one of the plates with an orange, an apple, two Christmas cookies that he had apparently brought with him, and some Kraft caramels. I told him that we could use more fresh fruit as well as more books, as our selection was rather poor. On the floor was a pile of Christmas cards that had been sent to the hostages by Americans in the U.S., apparently as the result of an appeal from a TV newscaster in New York (Alex Paen of WNBC-NY) and Rev. Coffin gave me a handful of about 15-20 cards to take back to my room. I asked him whether he would be available the next day to talk to but he said he wasn't sure. I didn't see him again. We were served a special dinner on Christmas—turkey, sweet potatoes (candied), cranberry jelly, cake and jello.

December 26, 1979: I asked the students for Rev. Coffin's full name, title and correct address so that I could write and thank him for coming to Iran, but it was never given to me, so I wrote him anyway. I also wrote letters to the President, Secretary of State, Senator Warner, Congressman Fischer and the Editor-in-Chief of the Washington Post outlining the conditions under which we were living. I doubted whether any of these letters would pass the censors, but wrote them anyway. I also wrote a five-page letter to the Chairman of the Student Central Committee strongly protesting the violation of our diplomatic immunity; the forcible taking of my personal possessions and demanding their immediate return; the fact that we were not permitted to speak to each other; that we were kept tied at all times; that the lights in our rooms and the constant

noise made by our guards and the constant all-night demonstrations and amplifiers prevented us from sleeping, etc. (I have never had any acknowledgement from the Student Committee regarding this letter of protest). During our stay in this room our bathroom conditions became steadily worse. Other hostages were brought in for showers at all hours and students used the bathroom during the night for showers and laundry. This, added to the usual loud whispering or talking by the guards; the constant opening of the door to our room by the guards; the bright light from the hallway as well as that in our room, made it virtually impossible to sleep at night. Food was passable, since the Ambassador's cook had been retained (willingly or otherwise, I don't know) to prepare food for the hostages and since we were in the residence, it was hot or warm, at least, when it was served. One night, (Dec. 23) during our stay in this room, we were awakened and alarmed by the sound of six or seven shots of gunfire which appeared to come from just outside our bedroom window. I later learned that one (Bill Belk) of the hostages had attempted to escape. I don't know who they were or whether anyone was wounded but apparently none escaped.

December 30, 1979: at approximately 7:00 a.m. (it was still dark) we were awakened and moved to a new location, in the usual manner, hands tied, blindfolded, blankets over our heads, etc. This time it was to the basement of the Chancery. Room was about 14 x14 with high, barred windows. We were permitted to have the drapes open since our only view was that of the wall surrounding the Embassy Compound and the tops of the trees along the Ave. Taktke Jamshid. Later in the day we received another roommate—Barry Rosen, Press Attaché. He first had to sleep on a leather sofa in the room but that was replaced by a mattress. However, we still had a 24-hour guard in the room, sitting at a small desk and with a lamp burning all night. We no longer had to have our hands tied but still were not permitted to converse with each other. We managed to soften the bright light somewhat by putting a typewriter cover over the lamp shade but there was still too much noise all night long from the coming and goings of the guards, their constant loud whispering or talking, rattling of papers (they were supposed to be studying), and much dirt tracked into our room by their muddy boots. Toilets on this floor were filthy and inadequate...plumbing was often stopped up and never cared for.

December 31, 1979: (New Year's Eve)—We explained to some of the guards about our New Year's Eve celebrations at home so in observance they gave us a little extra treat of canned fruit cocktail, some mixed nuts, and Kraft caramels.

January 1 to February. 5, 1980: During the first few days of January my pocket comb in the Florentine leather case that I had given to Dad many years ago was suddenly returned to me from the items that had been taken from me the first few days of our captivity, and on January 5 (63<sup>rd</sup> day of our captivity) my cameo ring that had been given to me on my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday as a gift from Mom and Dad was returned to me! This was primarily due to representations by Barry Rosen on my behalf, as he spoke Farsi fluently. I was so happy to have this ring, as well as my wedding ring that had been returned previously, finally returned to me after so many frustrating delays and pleas that were always ignored, that I really broke down and cried! Since both Barry and Brucker had their watches returned in early December, I continued to ask for the Timex wrist watch that also had been taken from me, but my requests were consistently denied without any valid reasons. We were always told that we were all treated the same, although I kept emphasizing that this was *not* the case as others had things returned to them, whereas I did not



and had to continually fight for even the smallest favors which, as in the case of my watch, were consistently ignored. It was obvious that my consistent emphasis on the violation of our diplomatic immunity made me an unpopular hostage to say the least.

There were three antiquated toilets in the basement and since the students did as little as possible to keep them clean they became filthier with each passing day. We had to put our used toilet paper in a wastebasket rather than flush it down the toilet: there was no hot water in the sinks; no sink stopper (we had to use a piece of wadded-up plastic as a stopper), and we had to use the same sink with only cold water for our dishes, washing our own laundry, brushing our teeth, shaving, etc. We had a propane type gas heater in our room for heat and used this also to dry our laundry. We took turns doing the dishes. Each time we wanted to go to the toilet or to wash dishes or clothes we had to obtain the guard's permission, wait our turn and be blindfolded for the walk from our room to the toilet and back to our room. While we received the same food as in the Residence, it was often cold, soups were lukewarm, etc. because of having to transport the food each time from the Residence to the Chancery. As before we were not permitted to speak to each other and a guard was in our room 24 hours of the day with a light burning all night, much noise from the guards coming and going, whispering or talking, light coming in from the hallway each time the door to our room was opened, etc.

About the middle of January one night after I had gone to bed our door was suddenly flung open by two of the students who censored our mail. It was obvious they were upset and demanded to know what I had meant by the abbreviation in my letter of "SOB". Of course they already knew but I spelled it out for them. They were furious and tore up the letter I had written to my wife in which I had referred to them in this manner and said I would receive "no more mail ever!" That evening, and again on two more occasions, I asked to talk to them personally as I wished to apologize, but my requests were ignored. So I then wrote a letter of apology. However, for 2 ½ weeks thereafter no one in our room received any mail so until we received some mail again I had no idea whether I would be given mail again and my apology accepted. However, when the others received mail after the 2½ week period, I was also given mail so my apology apparently had been accepted! I was greatly relieved, as not receiving mail would have killed me! Delivery of our mail was always accompanied by a ceremony in which we were given caramels, Lifesavers, chewing gum, stale chocolate covered cherries, sometimes some cookies, lollipops, or a few nutmeats, apparently in an effort to create goodwill. However, one time when we hadn't received mail for some time I asked when we would receive more, mentioning how important it was to us since we didn't have much else to do and was told (by Hamid) "You can spend your time thinking about the crimes of the Shah!"

It was also some time in January that one of the students handling our mail said that my wife had given a letter to the newspapers that had been published that was "against" the students. I reminded him that my wife would never give any of my personal letters to her to the press but that I had written a letter to the *Washington Post* and that they, the censors, had read and passed it. That was how I learned that my letter to the *Post* had been passed and had been published. Later I learned that the letter had also been published by almost all the major U.S. newspapers, as well as by *Time*, *Newsweek* and other magazines, as well as by papers in Canada and Europe. Also, my letter to President Carter and one I wrote to thank the 4<sup>th</sup> grade students of "Our Lady of Victories School" Landesville, New Jersey (along with my photograph) had appeared in many papers as well as on TV. This too, didn't add to my popularity as a hostage!

During this time I began to have trouble with a very sore tip of my spine and pain in my lower back, apparently from sitting so much and lack of exercise. The student doctor gave me

some special ointment for the spine tip (Neomycin) and an analgesic ointment for the lower back, as well as a circular air pillow to lie on and prescribed two aspirins per day. This was of great help. I had also contracted a slight cold and was given Coracidin and some Lomotil for a sudden attack of diarrhea.

My wife had sent me four bottles of “Shaklee Food Supplements” (Vitamins) which, at first, they were not going to give me as they were afraid they contained poison! However, after a few days they decided I could have them but I first had to ask for them each morning while the supplements were retained in their custody. This became such a hassle each morning because of the obstinacy of certain guards that I protested so much that the doctor gave permission for me to keep them in my custody!

On February 4, I received a note from my wife dated January 17 telling me how devastated she was on Christmas Eve because she had been informed that I would be telephoning her, but that my call never came! Of course, I knew nothing about it and when I inquired I was told that “some” hostages had been permitted to call their families but that this was done on a “selective basis” and that I was not one of them. Later I received a letter from my sister-in-law telling me how my wife had remained at home alone on Christmas Eve, rather than spend it with them, to await my call which never came! I don’t see how anyone could be so cruel as to do anything like that to my wife and disappoint her so--on Christmas Eve or at any other time!

February 6, 1980: At 2:00 a.m. the door to our room was flung open. All four of us in our room were suddenly awakened and told to “stand-up” by masked men in camouflage fatigue uniforms, bearing machine guns and automatic rifles. Naturally, we had no idea what was happening and were terrified! When one man pointed his rifle at me and I asked him not to do so, I was told “Don’t speak!” We then had to put on our trousers and shoes, were blindfolded and taken into the corridor where we had to lean against the wall in police search fashion. A rifle butt knocked my feet further apart as they apparently were too close together to suit the uniformed guards. After several minutes standing against the wall I was taken into another room, required to strip and each item of clothing inspected, including my underwear briefs which I also had to remove; pockets were emptied in my trousers, belt removed, etc. Then I was told I could dress but belt was not returned at that time; was again blindfolded and returned to my room. The room was a shambles—thoroughly ransacked, sheet and blankets torn off the bed, mattress askew, etc. All personal possessions had been examined, my medical ointment for my spine taken, plus my safety razor, etc. Fortunately, my letters from home and friends were still there. My belt was then returned. Others in my room had family photos taken—Barry Rosen never had his belt returned: everything was in chaos. One of the guards who took me to the bathroom afterward said that the men were from a special security force and that they were “very angry”! Our drinking glasses and porcelain dishes were removed and plastic dishes were substituted. We never did learn the reason for the “Gestapo” type raid. I had a delayed reaction from this frightening experience as about an hour after I had finally fallen asleep again I woke up with my heart pounding so hard I thought it was going to leap out of my chest! [note: Ode had a heart murmur.]

February 1, 1980 (approximately): In January we were permitted to write only three letters each week of 200 words each. After protesting this, we were told that as of February 1, those in our room could write four letters per week of 200 words each. However, on February 1, we were told we could write “special” letters of any length to anyone we wished with suggestions as to

how this matter could be settled. I wrote only to my wife with my usual suggestion, that is, that the students should admit their mistake for their illegal actions and release us as a goodwill gesture; that they would further their own "cause" as a result, etc. Since I had previously written to Senators Kennedy, Baker, Goldwater, and again to Warner and Congressman Fischer, I asked my wife to make photocopies of pertinent portions of the letter and send them to the foregoing as well as to the President and the Iran "Working Group" and to the *Washington Post*.

February 10, 1980: Again, on February 10 we were told we could write as many letters as many letters as we wished on that day as our mail was being taken to the U.S. by some Iranian and would be mailed there. I believe all of our letters from February 1 through approximately February 15 were taken to the U.S. for mailing by this individual. On February 10 Bruce German was moved from our room to another room, apparently because the letter he had written on February 1 was not of the tone that pleased the students. Later I found that my letter had never been mailed at all!

February 12, 1980: While still in our basement room we had to surrender our shoes for some unknown reason and were issued plastic "flip flops" such as Iranians use to removed easily when entering mosques.

February 15, 1980: (approximately) The mailman asked me if I was selling a car and said some man had called from the U.S. about it but they had cut him off as they thought he was a journalist! I told the mailman I couldn't imagine that anyone would be calling me since my wife had authority to sell the car. Then, a couple of days later he said my wife had telephoned and left a message and that I would be given the message, but almost a week went by before I was taken to our exercise room where I was permitted to listen to a tape recording of my wife's voice where she asked about six questions concerning the selling of the Mustang; disposing of certain pictures stored in our attic, etc. Although I wanted to write down the questions she asked, this was not permitted. I also asked if I could call her or make a tape in reply to her questions, but was also denied. I was told they would write down the questions and give them to me as I had listened only once to the tape, but they never did. Finally, on February 25 I was permitted to write a detailed 10-page letter to my wife in answer to her questions, relying only on my memory and the letter was mailed on February 27 via special delivery.

February 18, 1980: On February 18 I wrote a special, urgent letter to Dr. Dustin, Medical Officer in Charge, Medical Division, Department of State, calling his attention to my heart condition and medical problem, asking him to get me out of here immediately as, if I had a heart attack here, my blood would be on the Department's hands as well as on my captors'. As nearly as I have been able to determine, this letter was never sent to Dr. Dustin by the students.

February 28, 1980: Just as we were having our usual evening meal of canned soup, I was told to pack up my things as Blucher and I were being moved to a different room. I hated to say goodbye to Harry Rosen but there was nothing I could do about it. We were moved to a better ventilated and brighter room on the main floor of the Chancery, again at the front of the building. It apparently had been the office of Warrant Officer Hall of the Air Attaché's office. It contained a desk, an upholstered desk chair and an upholstered armchair. The first night there was not too comfortable as the room had not been used, was still a bit damp and the electric heater given us

was inadequate. The advantages to this room was that it received more sunlight, had better ventilation, was quieter as no guard stayed in the room, Blucher and I could talk to each other, the nearest bathroom was somewhat (but not much) cleaner, and I was told I could write as many letters as I wished without regard to length and was given a Royal (non-electric) typewriter to use for my correspondence. I was again given a Gillette "Trac II" safety razor. Since the room was adjacent to a sort of kitchen, the boys were more generous with tea and especially dates. The heater was changed to a large, better one; we were given an electric wall clock as my Timex wrist watch still had not been returned, and a nylon line to hang our laundry on.

March 3, 1980: On or about March 3 we had a visit from a person who described himself as an "engineer" – "interested" in the Iranian Government, apparently looking over our quarters. He was accompanied by our Chief Mailman who had become responsible for the hostages' welfare as nearly as we could determine (his name was Hamid). Our visitor mentioned that our problem was "political" (as though we didn't know!) and was to convince Carter to stop meddling in Iran's affairs. He gave us no encouragement as to when we might be released, however.

March 8, 1980: Received a visit from an Iranian doctor who described himself as being with the Iranian "Red Lion Society" (similar to our Red Cross). He said he was a general practitioner and a surgeon. He asked me whether a Dr. Miller was my doctor. I told him I had no regular doctor in the U.S. but that I believed Dr. Miller was on the Department's Medical Division staff and I related to him in detail my heart condition, how it had caused partial loss of vision in my left eye; treatment I underwent at the U.S. Navy Hospital in Naples; 97<sup>th</sup> General U.S. Army Hospital in Frankfurt, Germany, and the U.S. Army Hospital at Landstuhl, Germany. He listened to my heart and made some comments to the group of students which I couldn't understand after he had taken my name and age. He also took my blood pressure which was 150 over 100—higher than its usual 120/80. I told him about my letter to Dr. Dustin and asked about the possibility of being released because of my age and physical condition. His only comment was "If God wills!" The doctor was accompanied by still [cameramen] and TV cameramen and several of the students. The cameramen took pictures over my objections. They also examined Blucher.

March 11, 1980: (approximately): Our room was visited by an English-speaking Iranian girl (very anti-American although she stated that she had lived in Pennsylvania for a number of years), together with a TV camera crew. She said they wanted pictures of all the hostages as a "souvenir" for the students' files. I doubted this and objected to having the photos taken. Blucher was out of the room at the time so she said they would return as they wanted pictures of both of us. I warned her that it would probably be useless as I was sure Blucher was not willing. As I had warned her, Blucher refused to have his picture taken when he returned, to the extent of lying face down on his bed. She said it was obligatory, but he would not cooperate. I let them proceed with me. I was required to state my name, position at the Embassy and when I had arrived in Iran. This was spoken into a microphone for sound on tape. She then asked me for the same information concerning Blucher which I refused to give, stating that it was up to him to give her this information, not me. The TV cameraman photographed the back of his head while he was face down on his bed!

About this time, demonstrators were in the street in front of the Embassy (opposite our room) with amplifiers at full volume with one man shouting at the top of his voice leading a crowd in organized chants such as something like "Allah-ho" to which the crowd would reply

“Ak-bar” (Is Greater) and “Khomeini” with the crowd replying “Rak-bar” (Is Great). These and other chants had been continuing around the clock for about four days, only quieting down a bit between perhaps 3:00 and 5:00 a.m.! The leader had become so hoarse from his constant yelling that his voice was breaking!

March 13 and 14, 1980: Just at lunch time on March 13 we were told we were to be taken out of doors in the sunshine which was beautiful for a walk and could eat our lunch outdoors. However, this was not convenient so we didn't go that day. Then about 11:00 a.m. on March 14, I was blindfolded (as usual), taken outdoors and placed in a car and driven to the enclosure of the Embassy residence where we sometimes were taken for exercise. There was an “exercise bike” in the yard. I was the only hostage there. I sat on the bike for about 10 minutes and a photographer took some color and black and white photos. Sunshine was warm and lovely but I was there only about 10 minutes, obviously this was only for photographic (propaganda) purposes and not for *my* benefit!

March 20, 1980: Blucher had complained about my typing making so much noise that it was driving him “crazy” and requested a room to himself, so on this date he was moved to another room and Bruce German was moved in with me to replace him. All of us were glad for the change: Blucher to be by himself, I to be rid of him as he was most anti-social--didn't like to talk, and not good company, and Bruce to be away from his former roommates who smoked so much and kept such irregular hours. This day was Iranian New Year's Day--March 20.

March 21, 1980: Had our first *really hot* shower. This time in the basement of the “Warehouse”. Conditions as filthy as ever however. Understand some hostages are being kept in the warehouse. Who or how many, I don't know

March 24, 1980: Permitted to watch some Iranian TV—children's cartoons (American and Japanese made—dubbed in Farsi) for about an hour. Good color—French “Secam” system.

March 25, 1980: Another noisy demonstration started about 10:00 a.m. before the Embassy shouting usual slogans in Farsi—“Allah is Greater”, “Khomeini is Great”, “Down with Carter”; “Down with the Shah”, etc. Always the same thing that has been going on the past five months! Demonstration lasted only about four hours this time. Later in the day were shown some TV of a situation comedy “WKRB” also an old British film with Robert Donat dubbed into Farsi. We had also been shown a film taken during the revolution; crowds running amok in the streets, much shouting, shooting, looting, burning, etc. Also interviews by a newsman; a former U.S. citizen employee of the Embassy named McCarthy (position?) supporting the revolutionaries; scenes in the Shah's palace of the Shah and his generals, etc. Most of the film was nothing but unruly mobs and noise.

March 26, 1980: After we had gone to bed one of the mailmen, “Hamid II”, brought in a tape that Marge German had made on 3/17 for Bruce to hear. It was about 10 minutes of conversation.

March 27, 1980: The former Chief Mailman, now the Chief Supervisor of our floor named “Hamid” brought in an 8 x 10 color print taken of me on the exercise bike the day I was taken

out in the sunshine ostensibly for exercise but actually only for picture taking propaganda purposes. The photo was a good one, considering the subject, and also included the Marines' dog Hercules. Hamid, the supervisor, asked me to write a letter to accompany the photo explaining what the students want (return of the Shah, of course) and how well we are being treated, etc. which I am not about to do. I told him everyone should know by this time what their demands are. Since the photo is in color he suggested sending it to a magazine, possibly the German magazine "Stern". I told him I had no reason to send it to a German magazine.

March 28, 1980: The window in our room was very difficult to open and close, no doubt because it hadn't been opened in years. The students got it off track in attempting to close it with a pole. Hamid and another student managed to get it back on track but I suggested that it be well-oiled to facilitate opening and closing. I kept asking various student guards all day for the oil but without success. Finally, in late afternoon, Hamid came in and proceeded to lecture me about being bossy, demanding and treating the students as "servants", according to the complaints from some of the students; how I didn't want to wait to go to the toilet etc., and that if I kept on this way I would be moved to a different room, etc. I told him there was no basis for the complaints—that if I insisted on getting to the toilet quickly it was because the need was acute, that I had cramps or diarrhea, etc. As for the other, I had asked all day for the oil but my requests had been consistently ignored. I also reminded Hamid that it was the students' idea to take me as a hostage and that I was forced to ask them for everything and that being kept here was not my desire or wish. However, it is always the same old story—I am obviously not on their popularity list since I won't cooperate in pleading their cause for them.

March 29, 1980: Before being taken for a hot shower at the warehouse we were given about 30 minutes in the sunshine in the laundry enclosure courtyard at the Embassy residence. It was a gorgeous day with bright, warm sun—a real treat! We then had a hot shower at the "warehouse" and, before returning to our room, we were permitted to select several books from hundreds spread on the floor in the room of the warehouse where I had been kept for about a week in November. The books belonged to the American High School of Tehran. I had been asking for these books for months but only at this time were they made available to us. I selected about 10 and Bruce did the same. After we returned to our room I was taken to the exercise room for about 20 minutes while Hamid II permitted Bruce to make a tape recording to be sent to his wife, something that I was never permitted to do, again since I am not on their "popularity list".

March 30, 1980: Taken to DCM's office on second floor and shown TV series "ChiPs" on WHS tapes that belonged to the Marine Security Guards.

Note: Soon after we had been moved from the basement to the better room on the main floor of the Chancery, one of the principal students brought a mimeographed form to our room and asked us to write our comments and suggestions for improving the bathrooms (toilets), food, etc., informing us that he was now responsible for such activities. I typed several pages, indicating that the toilets were the filthiest I had ever seen, along with other suggestions. He said he was going to check back with us frequently in an effort to improve things. Since there seemed to be an indication that they were trying to improve conditions, I took the opportunity to again ask for the return of my Timex wristwatch. He said he would look into it. Later in the day another student came in with a handful of wristwatches. My Timex was not among the, however I saw my Rolex that had been left in my apartment. The gold expansion bracelet had been broken,

how I don't know, as I had left the watch in the pocket of a sports jacket in my closet. This was my first realization that my apartment had been thoroughly ransacked as they would never have found that watch unless they went into all the pockets of my clothing!

Anyway, I took the watch but kept insisting that I wanted my Timex returned, going so far as to accuse them of being thieves as I had at the time they took everything from me. This bothered the principal student a great deal. Later in the day he came into the exercise room where I was exercising and asked if the Timex he had in his hand was mine. It was. All of this time it had been in the envelope along with the other things that had been taken from me and although they had returned my rings and comb to me, they would not give me my watch! I then made out a list of everything that I could recall that I assumed had also been taken from my apartment, with the exception of my clothes, such as my photographic equipment bag containing my Kodak Retina Reflex II camera, telefoto and wide-angle lenses, flash attachment, tripod, etc., also my Telefunken "Bajazzo" portable radio, jewelry, collapsible umbrella, clothes brush, etc. A day or so later the student did come into my room with the two lenses--telefoto and wide-angle for me to identify them, which I did. I asked him about the camera and the rest of the items, asking if he would show them to me so that I could identify them too and verify that they were in good condition as my hope was to be able to take them back with me at such time as I am released, but he never did so and I have not seen him since.

April 1, 1980: Again shown another program of the TV "ChiPs" series.

April 2, 1980: Had a cold shower in a filthy bathroom at the warehouse. It was an overcast, rainy day so had no outdoor exercise except for a short waiting period before the shower.

April 4, 1980: Received some mail and finally received a letter from my sister, the first one since hers dated December 6, 1979! Four months! I had been consistently asking and inquiring as to why I was not receiving mail from her, as I was receiving mail from my brother and my wife, as well as from nieces and nephews who also live in Michigan where my sister does, but was also told that no letters had arrived from her. This I could not believe and could obtain no satisfactory explanation as to why her letters were being withheld from me as they obviously were.

April 6, 1980 (Easter Sunday) We had been told that religious services were to be held at 3:00 p.m. About 3:30 we were told to be ready in five minutes to attend the services and then proceeded to wait two hours before they came to get us. We were taken to the DCM's former office where the room was filled with TV and other cameramen and some religious leaders were sitting at a desk being interviewed. There were three of us hostages--myself, Bruce German and a fellow named Needham. While waiting we were given some Easter cards that had arrived for us and a piece of cake and a canned diet drink from some goodies that were on a coffee table. Then we were seated in front of the desk where Archbishop Capucci, a Roman Catholic priest of apparently the Byzantine Rite who were understood had come from Turkey for the occasion spoke to us in rather good English. He was a very friendly person. He had the TV cameraman take our pictures and we spoke a few words of greeting to our wives and families.

He was then joined by a Reverend Bremer, Chaplain of the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas, a United Methodist Church pastor who had come from the U.S. for the day. Rev. Bremer spoke a few words to us and then gave a prayer in which we all joined hands in a

circle--the Archbishop, Rev. Bremer and we three hostages. The Archbishop also gave each of us a letter which had been sent over by our families. Mine was from my wife but had not actually been written or signed by her. It was dated March 27 and apparently had been dictated by her to someone in the Department, then typed and signed by someone for her. The following the short prayer service we were given various goodies that were on the coffee table, some more cake, a few chocolate bars, an Easter egg (colored), some apples and oranges and mixed nuts, and returned to our room. At noon that day we also had chicken (or turkey dinner) and our first fresh, sliced tomatoes and fresh cucumbers of the season.

The day before we had been brought a bag of paperback books that had been sent over by the New Hampshire College of Manchester, New Hampshire and told to select one and were given three Hershey chocolate bars that we were told were from the Pope's representative. Oh, yes, just after our short prayer service, the Apostolic Nuncio joined the other two religious leaders. He was the same short, fat, dumpy little priest that had visited us in early November, shortly after our capture and who had advised me to have "pazienza" (patience). He didn't have anything to say this time. Not a very effective person then, or now.

April 7, 1980: Beautiful sunny day. We had another shower, this time a warm one in the Embassy. Bathrooms still filthy. Also had an opportunity to stand in the warm sunshine for about 20 minutes before taking our showers. The usual procedure, however, of having to be blindfolded, then put in a car with sheets over our head and driven over to the residence. I wonder when, or if, this silly procedure will ever cease. Shaved off my goatee--the second one I had grown. Bruce and I also wrote a letter to Rev. Bremer and thanked him for coming to Tehran to be with us on Easter Sunday.

April 8, 1980: Taken up to see a couple of TV shows--"Kaz" and "Starsky and Hutch" in the afternoon. About midnight ( I had already gone to bed) one of the students woke Bruce and gave him some library numbers we are to use for the new library that has been installed in the Chancery made up of books from the American High School of Tehran collection that was stored in the warehouse. My number is 6591. I doubt that I will use it for a while as I still have six rather long books to read that I picked up the other day. However, it looks as though they intend to keep us here for a long, long time!

April 9, 1980: Received a letter from my wife dated March 27 (took 14 days to reach me via international airmail). However, she apparently hasn't received any mail from me since February 14 with the exception of a long 10-page letter that I was permitted to write her in reply to several questions she had asked by telephone to the students concerning urgent matters she had to know about our house in Falls Church, which items to dispose of, etc. The February 25 letter was sent on February 27 via Special Delivery, I was told. However, I can't determine why my other letters are not reaching her. Bruce German said he had received the same complaints from his wife, that is, she has not heard from him since early February! I replied immediately to my wife. Then, in the evening, I was brought a package containing two paperback books that she had sent me via international airmail on February. 11! These had taken almost two months to reach me!

We were also taken upstairs late in the afternoon to see another TV show, this time Andy Griffiths in "Salvage I". Not very interesting or worthwhile. A student doctor finally came to see me and examined the rash on my left buttock which has been bothering me for about two



weeks. He said he would prescribe some zinc ointment. Also said he was here in the building and although I have been complaining and trying to get attention for the past two weeks no one has done anything about it. I also asked him about getting another Gamma Globulin shot as mine will expire on April 15. He said he would look into it. We finally were issued an aerosol can of insect repellent. Have been asking for the Japanese manufactured electric mosquito devices but were told there weren't enough to go around. I offered to buy my own out of Iranian currency that was taken from me in early November but was told that it would not be approved, as the money would eventually be returned to me. I told them that I would prefer to spend it for the mosquito repelling device as I would have no use for Iranian currency when I left here. Was told that they would purchase it from me for dollars! Not very likely!

During the first week of March I had been informed by "Hamid" that a United Nations Commission called the "Commission to Investigate the Alleged Crimes of the Shah" (Hamid didn't use the word "alleged"--only referred to it as the "Commission to Investigate the Crimes of the Shah") was in Tehran to make its recommendations to the U.N. as to whether the Shah should be extradited to Iran for trial. Hamid said that the US had agreed to this commission and to abide by its recommendations. Of course, I had only Hamid's word for this. Anyway, he asked me if I would like to write a letter to the Commission, which I did under date of March 4, 1980 in which I informed the Commission that if it did recommend the extradition of the Shah that it also recommend that the hostages be released since I knew that even if extradition was recommended, it could possibly take months or even years before it could be accomplished. Anyway, today when Hamid was in with the doctor I asked him if there was any news of the Commission. While he is most reluctant to ever give us the slightest bit of news (good or bad) he did say that the commission had said it would not make public its recommendations until after the hostages were released! If that is true, it is something in our favor. However, I still can't understand what is taking such a long time to come to some sort of an agreement with the Iranian Government to get us released--that is, some sort of agreement between the U.S. and Iranian governments.

April 10, 1980: Hamid II brought me two new pairs of Hanes cotton briefs, size 36, that I have been trying to get for a long time. We talked to him for awhile, trying to ascertain from him what hope we could have of getting out of here. We weren't able to get much out of him, just the usual line about when the Shah is returned, etc.; how the U.S. Government must return the Shah, etc. Even though we tried to reason with him that the U.S. would never accede to demands of terrorists, gangsters and thugs, as they were considered in the eyes of Gov't and the American people, he continued to echo the same party line. While he didn't give us any real hope he seemed to indicate that if we knew what he knew (which, of course, we have no way of knowing) that we would have hope, but we couldn't pin him down to any time table.

He also tried to convince us that all hostages were being treated the same, which I argued with him was not now and had never been the case, pointing out my case in particular, but again we weren't able to change his mind. He tried to tell us that we all had to go through the blindfold routine when just going to the toilet, etc, because some hostages were more dangerous and unreliable than others, etc. He did assure us that all of our mail was being sent out even when I emphasized that if anything I said in my letters was objectionable that they should be returned to me for correction rather than being destroyed. He assured me that nothing had been destroyed and that *all* of our letters had been mailed but again I don't believe him as I know that Rita (my wife) is not receiving all my letters. He also said that Rev. Bremer, the American

minister who was here on Easter Sunday from the Univ. of Kansas had taken our letters, probably those of the first week of April, to the U.S. to be delivered there. He said something about Rev. Bremer not putting them in the regular mail but would arrange to have them delivered via their churches--the United Methodist Church

April 11, 1980: Noisy demonstration outside that last about four hours with usual shouting of slogans such as "Death to America", etc. with everything amplified as usual. Beautiful warm day with hardly a breath of air stirring. Later in afternoon taken upstairs and shown TV program—Angie Dickinson in "Police Woman". Then after we returned to our room I received the tube of zinc ointment the doctor had prescribed. Made my first application to the rash on my left buttock. Then in evening Hamid II brought in two pair of summer trousers in response to my request for some lighter pants as my corduroy trousers I have been wearing for past 5 1/2 months are getting too warm. It turned out that both pairs of trousers actually belong to Bruce German and obviously have been taken from his apartment when it was ransacked. I therefore asked for some of my own clothes as I must assume that they have taken all my clothing as well from my apartment, but I don't know whether they will be able to find the trousers that I want.

Earlier in the day I went to the toilet without my T-shirt. Hamid, our Chief Supervisor, told me I was to wear my T-shirt in the future. When I protested (as it is now becoming very warm in our room and I prefer to lie around in just my underwear) he said that women were out in the hallway from time to time but of course I never see them as I must always be blindfolded. He said the women were sorting documents! This means that they are still going through the Embassy files now that we have been here almost six months! Hamid II also brought us an aerosol can of Old Spice deodorant in response to our request.

April 12, 1980: Bruce sick today, apparently with the 24-hour flu—ached all over, food didn't appeal to him. Couldn't eat anything until evening when he had some crushed pineapple. Tried all day to get doctor to see him but without avail until doctor came in the evening. Saw another TV episode of "Salvage I", very corny. Makes one wonder whether there is anything really good on TV, that is, to appeal to anyone over 12 years of age! Was terribly hot in our room. No air stirring. We have been closing the window each night to stop mosquitoes from entering but managed to get the use of one of the electronic mosquito killers (Japanese make) and it managed to keep the mosquitoes out even though it was taken away from us after a few hours when one of the guards just came into our room after we had gone to bed and disconnected it and took it away! We have also been given an aerosol can of mosquito repellent so will have to use that each night hereafter and hope it will keep the mosquitoes out which are a real pest here!

April 13, 1980: Bruce feeling better today, aching gone but still quite weak. Must have been either flu or some 24 hour virus. Had hot shower today in the cleaner toilet at the warehouse. First had about 20 minutes in the sun which, while warm, was a bit hazy. Was told by Hamid II that no hostages are being kept in the warehouse at present. Just when they were moved, I don't know. Now when we are taken for showers we have to wear a sheet rather than the blankets over our heads on account of the fact that the weather is much too warm now for blankets--but we still have to be covered the same as we have to be blindfolded each time we leave our room whether just to go to the toilet or upstairs to watch a TV program! Later in the day we were given one of the Japanese manufactured electronic mosquito destroyers, an adapter plug and about 30 days supply of the tablets that are put in the device to ward off mosquitoes. This is one that we may

now keep permanently in our room. Bruce was also issued a fitted sheet for his mattress which turned out to be for a "king size" mattress while he has a single bed mattress! I had asked for a normal sheet as I already have a fitted sheet on my mattress but was told there aren't any. However, I was assured that I too will be issued a fitted sheet to use in place of the too warm blanket. We were also given two plastic "throw away" razors. We had also asked for mail from our wives and "Santa Claus" (as we call one of the mailmen) was obviously annoyed that we were insisting on receiving more mail--claiming that we are given *all* mail that comes in for us which, of course, I don't believe.

April 14, 1980: This afternoon we were visited by two representatives of the International Red Cross, one of whom was, I believe, a medical doctor. Both were Swiss as nearly as I could determine. They were accompanied by four Iranians--positions unknown, except that one was a cardiologist who had visited us once before when we were in the basement and who had listened to my heart. He is reputed to be the best cardiologist in Tehran and speaks English well since he told me that he had studied in the U.S. The Swiss who was in charge of the International Red Cross team told us that he has been resident in Tehran 15 months and has repeatedly asked to visit the hostages, but only now was he finally given permission. He took our names, birth dates, home addresses and telephone numbers, also our wives' names. Then he handed out the form letters used by the Int. Red Cross. I explained to him that we had been given such letters back in November and while I refused to use one, insofar as I was aware none of the hostages who did complete them and had them supposedly sent out by our captors had ever received a reply. They are the short forms with just six lines for the sender to give his message and six lines for the recipient to reply. I told him that I saw no reason at all to use them since the Iranian mail system was perfectly satisfactory provided our captors posted all our letters, which I had reason to believe they did not and only sent out our letters on a selective basis.

Anyway, I also told the Int. Red Cross representative that, since settlement on our house was scheduled for April 15 and that my wife would be leaving for Arizona on April 17 and I would have no idea where she could be contacted enroute and would not arrive in Sun City West until on or about April 22 and there would not be a phone installed in our new home immediately, I didn't know how he would be able to contact her right away. He explained that the reason for sending out the Red Cross letters was that some of the hostages and their families had not received any letters in the five months that we have been held as hostages! He was unable to explain what had happened to the original form letters given to us in November. Anyway, I took two of the forms and wrote one to my wife at our Falls Church address and the other one I sent directly to our new address in Arizona. He said they would be taken personally to Switzerland and mailed from there to the U.S.

I also explained to the Red Cross doctor that I had written to the Medical Officer in Charge of the State Department on February 18 regarding my heart condition but that I believed my letter had never been mailed from here. I told him in detail about the condition, also mentioning that I was going on 65 years of age and that I feared the possibility of a heart attack and would not be given prompt treatment. He made a note of it but I have no idea what action, if any, he will take. I also spoke again with the Iranian cardiologist who had listened to my heart at least two months ago and expressed my fears to him but he seemed to consider it a laughing matter and only assured me that if I did have an attack, I would be given prompt treatment. I told him that I didn't accept his assurances, pointing out that two weeks ago I began to have a rash on my left buttock that had become so bad it had begun to scab over and I had repeatedly asked to

see a doctor but it was only after two weeks that a doctor came to see me and then a few more days to receive the zinc ointment that he prescribed--in other words, between two and three weeks to obtain a simple ointment for the rash! Therefore, how could I be assured that I would be treated promptly if I had a heart attack--was I supposed to wait two weeks for aid following a heart attack? To this he only joked and laughed!

In addition to the Int. Red Cross representatives and the four Iranians who accompanied them there was the usual number of students who crowded into our room prompting Mr. German, at least, to be sure to tell them about the good treatment we were receiving, especially being shown the TV programs, etc.! The room was so crowded that there was hardly room to move about. Following this group, an Iranian who, we were told, was on the Revolutionary Council and was also the "Iman" for the students on their religious day (Friday), came in to see us. We didn't know the purpose of his visit but he did ask questions about our sanitation, mail, etc. Our chief supervisor here, Hamid, acted as interpreter as the Ayatollah spoke only in Farsi. I mentioned several complaints, among them how filthy our toilets have been; how it was not proper to have to wash our dishes in cold water in the same room as where we had to go to the toilet; that I saw no reason to have to be blindfolded each time we went to the toilet and to have blankets or sheets over our heads each time we were taken for showers; that we ought to have showers more than once every 7 or 8 days, etc.

Bruce also asked him whether he could offer us any hope at all about getting out of here, also pointing out that we received absolutely no news of any kind and that, under the circumstances, it was difficult for us to have hope to ever rejoining our families in the U.S. All the Mullah said was the usual line, "The key to the situation is in the hands of Carter" and "If God wills!" Again, I felt that both the visit of the Int. Red Cross representatives and that of the Mullah were solely for the benefit and propaganda purposes of our captors and that in no way would we receive any benefits from them. Another point of interest is that the Int. Red Cross representative said that after his repeated requests to visit us he was now being permitted to "visit the hostages in this building"! This leads us to believe that the hostages who are being held elsewhere, and these we think are the ones whom the students consider to be the "dangerous" ones (probably the military and some others) would not be visited by the Red Cross representatives. I don't know for sure, but this is our opinion.

April 16, 1980: Bruce and I played Ping-Pong for the first time. We have been allocated the use of the table in the recreation in the basement from 11:30 to 12:00 each day. The Ping-Pong table is in poor condition but gives us some recreation and exercise. Also in the room now are the exercise bike and some exercise weights, the exercise "stretchers", etc. Later in the day we were shown a TV movie called "Executive Action" (I think) about a theory of a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy. Afterward I was told it was my turn to wash the kitchen kettle in which our lunch today (Irish Stew) had been brought over. I was given a small pitcher of hot water and some steel wool to clean the kettle. It wasn't an easy job as I had to do the work in the toilet. After scouring the pot I then had to flush the suds down the toilet and use a sponge to clean the soapy water off the kettle. Apparently each of the hostages is to take a turn daily in cleaning the food pots from our lunch and evening meals, but this is the first that I had heard of it. Beautiful day today, breezy and much cooler. It was comfortable to sleep under a blanket tonight and we had no mosquitoes. We were told that this very warm weather we have been experiencing lately is most unusual.

April 17, 1980: Received some mail from home. My wife's letter dated April 7 but didn't mention having received any recent mail. Bruce German's wife has not heard from him in 6 ½ weeks. We complained to Hamid II who told us they (the students) are aware of the situation and are attempting to do something about it. Said that they were sending all letters now with "someone they could trust" who would mail them in the U.S. He said that Rev. Bremer, chaplain of the University of Kansas who was here at Easter had taken letters back with him to mail, apparently those of the first week of April and possibly some from the last week or so of March and that they had confirmation that these letters had been received by the addressees. I spent most of the day drafting and typing letters I intend to send to the editors in chief of the Washington Post, Chicago Tribune and Los Angeles Times, as well as to Mike Wallace of TV's "60 Minutes" program. Our house in Falls Church has been sold and all furniture and effects removed by the packers. My wife was to start driving to Arizona today--while I am sitting here unable to help her in any way!

April 18, 1980: Gave the letters I drafted to the mailman to be mailed. Had about 30 minutes in the fresh air and sunshine followed by a hot shower. Were about ready to go to bed tonight when we were taken upstairs and shown some TV—one episode of Lou Grant and two of "How the West Was Won"—really a late, late show performance as we didn't get back to our room until 1:30 a.m.!

April 19, 1980: Wonder of wonders! Were served fresh, scrambled eggs, jam and really fresh unleavened bread this morning for breakfast! What a welcome change from the usual stale bread and insufficient jam. However, for lunch we had cold chicken (it was supposed to have been warm!), a big glob of cold mashed potatoes and another huge glob of cold spinach! So one can't win around here! Later in the day we were shown a new exercise room on our floor with a better Ping-Pong table and told that our new hour (we now have been assigned a full hour) will be at 11:00 a.m. daily and if we want to play again we can do so after 10:00 p.m.!

By chance another hostage was in the toilet when I was admitted. (This is never supposed to happen.) He was Don Hohman, a U.S. Army nurse stationed at Frankfurt, Germany who was here on a six months temporary assignment in our Medical Unit when he too was captured. He said he shares a room with Bill Delk, a Communicator. His wife lives in Frankfurt and he said he has written her 100 letters and she has received only 8 of them. Likewise, he has received only 7 or 8 from her! He is as fed up as I'm sure everyone else is around here, not only with our captors but equally with our own government for its inaction in getting us out of here. While I have only had a chance to talk with a few captives, everyone I have spoken with so far is of the same opinion.

April 22, 1980: Another noisy demonstration today. Lasted about 3 to 4 hours. This time was not directly in front of the Embassy but close enough so that we had a diet of the usual amplified chants of "Allah—is greater"; "Khomeini—is great", etc. Then in the afternoon Hamid I, our supervisor, dropped in for no apparent reason and started in on the usual harangue. Seems he must have listened to a Press Conference given by President Carter and began to tell us, in a rambling, almost incoherent manner, about how Carter how lied about Iran; how the press asked him many questions about the hostages that he refused to answer...said "We are working on it", etc.; how Carter *must* return the Shah; tried to impress on us how good the students were to the

hostages, etc., etc. which I told him was a lot of B.S. and reminded him about our treatment, especially during the first four months. The usual pointless discussion!

April 23, 1980: Received mail today, among the mail was a letter from my wife dated April 2 (I had received on last week dated April 7) but in each letter she didn't mention receiving any mail from me. As nearly as I can determine, she hasn't received mail from me since February 14 with the exception of a special letter I was permitted to send her on February in reply to several questions she had asked by phone (not to me but to the students) regarding the sale of our house in Falls Church. Can't determine what has happened to our mail. Students say that the U.S. has an embargo on mail entering the U.S from Iran. If so, I can't understand why some means hasn't been worked out between Iran and the U.S. to permit the hostages' mail to enter.

April 24, 1980: Heard two loud shots during the night (last night), both of them apparently from guards at the Embassy or someplace very near by. This afternoon Hamid, our supervisor, brought in a tape recorded message from my wife which had apparently telephoned from the U.S. on or about April 17 giving me our new address in Sun City West, Arizona, 12427 Banyan Drive, Sun City West, Arizona 85375 and our new telephone number: (602) 584-4120. She also gave me my brother-in-law's phone number in case I have to call him when I am released if I cannot contact her. It is James C. Muth, (301) 469-7651.

Then she said that she had received only 5 letters from me in February (I had written her 15); none in March (I had written 15); and had received my letters #2 and 4 in April which Rev. Bremer, Chaplain of the Univ. of Kansas had taken back with him to the U.S. to mail and also the International Red Cross letter. Since I wrote the Red Cross letter on April 14, the day we were visited by the Red Cross representative, I am surprised that she received it so soon. I knew we had been told the letters were to have been taken to Switzerland the next day, April 15, but I am still surprised that she could have received it by April 17. Anyway, she did receive it!

Then Hamid launched into another of his discussions mentioning vaguely that families of the hostages were planning to do "something" but had been told (according to Hamid) by the President or our Gov't that if they did so they would be fined and put in prison for several months; adding that Rev. Bremer had advised the families to do so anyway. What the "something" was that they intended to do Hamid refused to clarify except that he said it would "help" the hostages and that certain people in the U.S. wanted to keep the hostages in Iran because of selfish interests, etc. When we tried to pin him down as to exactly what he was referring to he gave us the usual line that he would explain "later"; that he couldn't tell us "now"; that when he did tell us we would understand, etc. We also got into a further discussion when he claimed that the CIA had taught the Iranian SAVAK [note: the former Shah's security police] how to torture and when I told him that if he really looked back into Iranian history he would know that no Orientals, of which Iranians were a part, needed to be taught anything about torture or cruelty by Americans--that they had invented many of the most diabolical forms of torture. I also pointed out to him that all of the hostages were not being treated equally as he always claims and especially that I had never been permitted to call my wife or to make a tape recording even when she had called on urgent matters in connection with the sale of our house, whereas my roommate had been permitted to make recordings to be sent to his wife. Finally Hamid left our room in a huff as he called me a constant complainer.

April 25, 1980: Big demonstration outside the Embassy again today with much shouting of slogans, everything amplified to the highest degree as usual, also much horn tooting. About 4:45 p.m. we were told to pack everything up as we were being moved to a “much, much better room” and that we should be ready in 10 minutes. Bruce and I got our things together, which meant gathering up the accumulation of the past two months that I have been in this particular room and we then proceeded to wait.

No one came for us in 10 minutes and after a couple of hours Hamid came in and told us to take only one blanket and just the essentials for that night--also to take just two books and that everything else would be brought to us within a day or two. This meant going through everything again as we had taken all the loose items such as toothbrush, razor, shaving cream, our letters, photographs, etc. as well as our clothing. Hamid told us to leave most of our clothing behind and that it too would be brought to us later. However, since I don't trust anything he told me I packed it anyway and also the electronic mosquito destroyer and other miscellaneous items as, of course, we were not given any idea where we were going except that it was to be a “much, much, better room” and from the activity going on in our building we felt that it would definitely be off the compound although at first we were under the impression we were just moving upstairs. Then our supper was brought in and we still weren't being moved. Finally, seven hours later approximately 1:00 a.m. (this would be April 26) I was told that I was to sleep in our room and that only Bruce was to be moved. I was so angry I told everyone off and was reminded that “I was not polite!”--also that “older men should be more polite”! So it appears that I will again be punished for “being impolite”!

[note: The reason for the sudden plan to move the hostages and for the “activity going in our building” and for the “big demonstration outside the Embassy” was the aborted helicopter raid ordered by President Carter on Iran in a mission to free the hostages. Carter had called off the raid early on April 24, although news of the undetected raid was not generally known in the capital until late on April 25. In line with the students' policy of keeping outside news from the hostages, they were not told of the raid, which, given their low morale, may have been an unintentional kindness.]

April 26, 1980: My hopes that we were being taken off the Compound to the “much, much better room” were dashed this morning when I woke up at 9:00 a.m. and asked for breakfast and was told that I was being moved to another room down the hall. I had hoped that some agreement was finally being reached and that we were all being moved to possibly a hotel as the first step in our release. However, this was not the case. The “much, much better room” proved to be a much less desirable room on the same floor just down the hall and after I was taken there a few of my personal things that I had been instructed to leave behind were moved to the new room, plus the typewriter, I was given breakfast.

I discovered that my new roommate was Don Hohman, the U.S. Army nurse who was in charge of the Embassy's medical unit. When I complained to Hamid that this room was worse than the one that Bruce and I shared and wondered why I hadn't been left in my old room which was set up as comfortably and conveniently as I could make it, he snapped that he didn't want to discuss the matter since I “had cursed at the students!” I could see from his attitude that there was no point in reminding him that I had cursed the students only after I was informed (after waiting seven hours) that I was not going to be moved to another room with Bruce, so it is obvious that, for some reason, they intended to split us up.

Hamid attempted to tell me that my new quarters were "more desirable" because they were larger. However, I did then point out to him that in the other room I had a desk with drawers that Bruce and I shared to store our personal things, that we had two easy chairs, that while the room was a bit smaller, it was brighter and all in all more convenient. However, this didn't mean anything to him as I could see that all along they had not intended to move me to another room with Bruce. Hamid told me that this would be my room from now on. How long, of course, is anyone's guess as the students appear to enjoy this constant game of "musical chairs" in switching personnel around. Again, it appears that we have no hope of getting out of here within the foreseeable future, I'm sorry to say.

April 28, 1980: Nothing special has happened since my being moved to the new (less desirable room) except that I forgot to mention that about a week or 10 days ago we had hasps applied to the doors of our room and are now padlocked in the room as an extra security precaution! So with the bars on our windows and our doors being padlocked, it is more like a prison than ever!

April 29, 1980: We can't figure out where everyone has been moved. As nearly as we can determine, the area where Bruce and I were before we were moved out a couple of nights ago seems unusually quiet. My present roommate, Don Hohman, was down to the exercise room (which is where the Ping-Pong table is located and was the former office of the Embassy's Admin. Officer Bert Moore) and he said that he didn't hear a sound from any of the rooms. Then I was taken down to the toilet formerly used by Bruce and I when we were together in the former Warrant Officer's office and the floor of the toilet was so covered with water and there was no toilet paper in it so I refused to use it. It didn't look to me as if it is still being used by the hostages--probably only the students since they don't use toilet paper and the place was pretty messy which is the way they leave everything.

The only person I have seen at this end is a woman officer, Ann Swift. I was ushered into the toilet we now use to find her standing at the sink, so they pulled me out quickly as they hadn't realized that she was there! The medical student brought me some First Aid Cream to use for the rash on my buttocks, although Don Hohman, the Male Nurse assigned to the Embassy had requested "Besitin" for me. The medical student also said that he would give me the Gamma Globulin shot, but didn't return. He has been promising it to me for the past three weeks now. Two days ago he assured me that he would administer it that day or the next day which is today, but I still haven't received it.

April 30, 1980: Slightly before 3:00 a.m. several shots were fired which appears to be from in front of the Chancery. These were apparently automatic rifle shots. Then I also heard about six rapid shots from a pistol, apparently. I don't know what all the commotion was about--whether someone was trying to escape, or what. Another unusual thing. Last night a plane--sounded like a jet fighter--roared back and forth several times over the Compound. I have heard them before, but only in the daytime--never at night. I was hoping it might be one of ours, but no such luck! Taken for shower today with time in the enclosure first for sunshine and fresh air. Sun was very warm and beautiful at first but then we had a quick rain shower which soon passed over and while sun did not come out again, it was balmy and refreshing to be out of doors. Roses are now in full bloom--beautiful red ones near the enclosure and golden-red ones around the residence pool.



While in the enclosure, had a chance to talk to Richard Queen. He has been talking to various students and is of opinion that we should be released soon as students are ready to give us up. He said that the move a few nights ago was actually in preparation for us to be released and that some of the hostages were taken off the Compound to some other building but he doesn't know where. He claims that the matter to be settled now, and which apparently caused the move to be halted is that the students want to hold about five hostages (no doubt the ones they consider as *real* spies and dangerous persons) for trial but that the U.S. Gov't will not permit it (this makes sense!) and this detail has to be worked out. The U.S Gov't says all or none.

He also claims that the Iranians are now afraid of the Soviet Union and the invasion of Afghanistan, as well as trouble erupting in Iraq, and that they now want U.S. arms and assistance! This I find a bit hard to believe in view of their attitude towards us. I just hope that Queen is right and that we will be released soon, but I am no more hopeful now that I have been in the past. Tomorrow will be our 180<sup>th</sup> day in captivity! [note: Richard Queen was well-informed not to have access to news media. On January 4, 1980, President Carter had reported to the nation that Afghanistan had been invaded by the Soviets. Almost six months after Queen spoke to Ode, a full-sized attack was to be launched on Iran by Iraq in September 1980.]

Tonight for supper we had a shrimp and vegetable salad which was very tasty and the cook baked us a chocolate pan cake. A welcome change! Hamid promised me mail for today but didn't deliver...now claims he *may* have some tomorrow!

May 1, 1980: Heard several volleys of gunfire again about 2:30. This time it appeared to be at the front of the Chancery as well as toward the back of the Compound. Can't figure out the reason for it. Queen said yesterday that opposing student groups have been trying to take the Compound and that these volleys are aimed at preventing them from doing so. Whether or not this is true, I have no idea. This morning woke up to a noisy demonstration in front of the Chancery with the usual screaming of chants and long-winded speeches all amplified at the highest pitch! Demonstration lasted from 9:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.—4 ½ hours!

In late afternoon we were taken over to the enclosure for fresh air and exercise--Hohman, Queen and myself but sun was no longer very bright. Again Queen volunteered information but how much he really knows about conditions is doubtful although he claimed that for four months he was in the "Mushroom Inn" (what I call the Warehouse) and was next door to a student communication center. Since he understands Farsi, he said that several times we were close to being released but something always fell through to prevent it. The main issue now is the release of five key persons and, according to him, the students want to keep these five and bring them to trial but the U.S. Gov't won't accept this, stating that all must be released. This is, of course, as it should be.

Queen is of the opinion that the students have said to him many times that they won't hold us more than six months which is May 3 at the latest, but I am not convinced that this is so. I would like to hope so, but I don't believe it. There have been so many assurances in letters from time to time that have never materialized. Queen, of course, has a completely different attitude toward this entire situation than I do. He doesn't mind being held here as he says that he is getting paid to read a lot! Some attitude! Also, he feels kindly toward many of the students and I do not. True, there are some I might enjoy knowing under more normal circumstances, but I shall never forgive any of them for what they have done--and are continuing to do--to me in preventing my freedom and invading my privacy.

I have been after Hamid to give me mail. It has now been nine days and he keeps promising but doesn't deliver. There is a strange atmosphere now in the Chancery as, as nearly as I can determine, there are only a few of us left here. I don't know where the others have been taken, but the only ones I am absolutely positive are still here are Queen, Hohman and myself and Ann Swift, a political officer, as I have seen here. Otherwise, everything here is unusually quiet. At lunchtime Hamid brought me some mail. A letter from my brother Howard, some from friends but nothing from my wife which is the most important. My brother wrote that he had seen and heard me on TV (the film taken on Easter Sunday) and that I was able to get my point across that we need action, not prayers.

Later in the afternoon we were shown an episode of "MASH" on TV but the set wasn't working well--apparently some interference caused by dirt in the machine. Were also taken to the enclosure for exercise in the fresh air and then to a shower--our second shower this week in three days! After I had gone to bed about 11:00 p.m. Hamid and an entourage of students came into my room all very excited. Hamid showed me a page of "Time" magazine issue of May 5, 1980 (he only let me see the page...nothing more) with a color photo of me taken the day I was photographed on the exercise bike in the enclosure along with "Hercules", whom we call "Herk", the Marine dog. Also on the same page was a color photo of Richard Queen and one of a hostage named Keogh. ( Actually, Kupke, a communicator [later correction by Ode]). This apparently was the international issue of "Time" but I suppose the same photos (and possibly an article that I wasn't shown) appeared in the domestic issue of Time in the U.S. as well.

May 3, 1980: Taken to the enclosure today with Queen for about 30 minutes of fresh air. Not much sunshine, however. Somewhat overcast but warm and pleasant anyway. Then I was taken alone for some TV. Queen and Hohman didn't want to watch TV. Hohman also didn't want to go outdoors for fresh air and sunshine. Saw "MASH" and "UFO" on TV. "MASH" good as usual but "UFO" not.

May 4, 1980: This supposed to be the "magic" day as we were captured exactly six months ago today, November 4, 1979, and rumors have been that the students have said they wouldn't hold us more than six months. We'll see! There is no evidence that we are to be released anytime soon. Today we are entering our seventh month of captivity, that is, six months from the day of our capture but actually the 183<sup>rd</sup> day of our captivity.

This morning we had two fried eggs and two slices of English muffin for breakfast. Not so good as the scrambled eggs as my eggs were a little on the cold side and we only had on full (2 slices) of muffin whereas the other day we had two whole muffins which were delicious! Went to bed at about 11:00 p.m. and had not gone to sleep when I heard a couple volleys of gunfire again, this time about 3 to 4 shots each time. Appeared to be in front of the Chancery. Can't figure out what all the gunfire lately is about.

May 4, 1980: Woke up this morning to find two letters on the table for me. Hamid had told me yesterday that there was a letter from my wife and that it would be very late last evening when he would bring it to me. Apparently he must have come in sometime during the night with the letter from my wife, as well as one from my niece Gayle Ode, while I was asleep, as I didn't hear him and only found the letters this morning.

Lunch today was unusual. Consisted of batter fried shrimp. Were large and tasty. Don't know if they were from our supplies (frozen) or possibly were shrimp from the Persian Gulf.

Along with the shrimp were French fried potatoes and French fried onion rings and some broccoli. Everything too much on the fried side to suit me, but it was a welcome change.

Hamid has been conspicuously absent yesterday and today. Don't know whether there are discussions going on, or what, but he is spreading himself too thin and our mail is suffering, along with periods outside in the sunshine and fresh air, showers, etc. Seems as if he is trying to do everything himself for the few of us who apparently are left in the Chancery. Tonight just as I was getting read to go to bed, about 11:00 p.m., he finally showed up (first appearance all day) and asked if I wanted to see some TV, so I went upstairs and watched an episode of "MASH" and one of "Rhoda" (the latter stank!) and even then, he didn't stay in the TV room as he usually does. Surely hope this might indicate that something good is going on that will mean our release, but I'm afraid that it is only wishful thinking!

May 6, 1980: Woke up this morning with a sore and thick throat. Am gargling with salt water. Didn't feel too well so laid in bed until lunchtime. Beautiful sunny day and it would have been good to be outdoors in the sun for a while. However, Hamid didn't come back until about 6:00 p.m. and then took us for a shower and about 30 minutes in the enclosure. Sun was already down by that time so it didn't do us much good. Also, the showers in the "Mushroom Inn" were cold, which didn't help my cold either. All afternoon there was a noisy demonstration in front of the Chancery, this time with the emphasis on some woman with the most annoying voice I have ever heard (as all of them are here!) screeching her head off--all highly amplified--for about four hours. The usual chants about Khomeini repeated by the crowd. I continued to feel badly so turned in earlier than usual this evening, about 10:00 p.m.

May 7, 1980: Woke up this morning with my throat thicker than usual and even more sore. Wrote out a note and gave it to the guard requesting to see the doctor, but I don't expect he will appear for a day or two (which is usual) so I am continuing to take aspirin and gargle with salt water. Again, went back to bed until noon. This morning another noisy demonstration began, this time with the man (I believe the same one who hollered until he was hoarse for about four days and nights straight some time ago.) Don't know how long we will have to endure this one! Demonstration lasted from about 9:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

This afternoon we were taken out for some exercise. I had asked Hamid to take us in the sun, but instead we were taken into another yard in back of the Ambassador's residence where there had been a vegetable garden and we tossed a volleyball around and played an Iranian game where two of us would attempt to hit two others in the center of the court with the ball. Since we got sweated up quite a bit, we were taken to the "Mushroom Inn" again for a shower. This one was a bit warmer than yesterday, but not really hot.

I asked Hamid again for mail and he said that he thought I had one letter and would bring it to me. However, since I was still not feeling too well I read a while and went to bed. Heard a couple of shots again about midnight. Then the medical student (doctor) came in about midnight and checked my throat, took my temperature, etc. Suggested I continue gargling with salt as I am doing now and that he would see me tomorrow. My temperature was normal. Said if my throat wasn't better he would give me a shot of penicillin.

May 8, 1980: About 1:00 a.m. Hamid came in with a letter for me. Just one, but it wasn't from my wife as I had hoped. Can't understand why we are getting such a small amount of mail now, unless of course, they aren't giving us everything that comes in. Read the letter, which was a

very short one, and went back to bed. About 2:00 a.m. I heard someone come into my room again. It turned out to be Hamid with a glass of ice cold orange juice (canned), but tasted good and just what I needed with my cold. He also left some cashew nuts, about 6 or 8 tollhouse cookies (not homemade), and four suckers. Why they do all this during the night is beyond me when we can sit here all day with nothing to do!

This afternoon I went over to Queen's room and we played Monopoly and talked a while. He said that he had heard that there are rather serious disturbances on the Iraq-Iranian border (probably instigated by the Soviet Union) and that one of the students had told him that they now hoped to obtain arms and spare parts for the helicopters and other military equipment from the U.S. Apparently they are now quite concerned about the trouble in Iraq and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. I hope that the U.S. will be intelligent enough to demand that all the hostages be released before it will consider any military or other aid to Iran, particularly after the way they have treated us and for the contempt shown the U.S.

While I was in Queen's room the medical student (doctor) came in, looked at my throat and gave me 12 penicillin tablets of 500 grams each, told me to take two per day. My throat is not so sore as it was, but is still very thick. I am continuing to gargle with salt water. Our lunch didn't arrive today until after 3:00 p.m. Don't know what the delay was as it only consisted of a bowl of chili and some jello--nothing very fancy. Supper tonight was terrible...overcooked spaghetti that was so gummy I couldn't eat it and meat sauces that wasn't very good. Fortunately later on Hamid brought in some canned fruit as well as a glass of ice cold (canned) orange juice.

May 9, 1980: I was just starting to write a letter to my wife this morning when Hamid came in and asked if I wanted to take a shower to which I replied in the affirmative. The three of us--Hohman, Queen and I--were taken to an enclosure in back of the residence (where the garden plots are) and were left there about two hours (an unusually long period of time!) I enjoyed being in the warm sunshine which I was able to enjoy for about 30 minutes after it cleared up a bit, as it was overcast at first. Then we had showers in the "Mushroom Inn" and came back to our rooms fairly late but in time to have some lunch.

Then Hamid told me I was being moved across the hall to a better room. It turned out to be next door to Queen's room and they opened the connecting door so that we could get together whenever we wished. My new room is much brighter and more quiet than the one I was in previously since I am now at the back of the Chancery. Also, instead of the small tables for eating, holding my personal things, the typewriter, etc., I now have a large desk--in fact, two desks, as I put the smaller of the two in a corner and have it stacked high with my personal things and supplies that have now been given us as the plan is that we are to fix certain of our meals.

Hamid brought in a supply of canned goods such as chili beans, beets, shrimp, fruit salad, pineapple, Sanka freeze dried coffee, pretzels, cashew nuts, strawberry jam, napkins, etc. Then he gave me a schedule indicating the days when we would be given lunch or diner and which days we would be expected to fix our own from the supplies given us. He said that we would be given the usual breakfast each morning, however, of bread, butter and jelly, tea, etc. Later, however, he said that we would be given our meals until a later date when they would put the schedule into effect, as that evening we were given our dinner consisting of batter friend shrimp, Brussels sprouts and potato chips. Hamid asked me to clean some refrigerator hydrator baskets and refrigerator shelve, which I cleaned up in the toilet. I don't know from which refrigerator they had been taken, but they were absolutely filthy!

From the information given us, Hamid said that Queen and I would be taken outdoors together and regularly but that Hohman had, according to Hamid "cursed the students" and therefore the door between my room and his would not be opened and also he would not be given various privileges that Queen and I are now to enjoy. I don't know what prompted Hohman's "cursing" (as I have done the same as I did the night of April 25 when Bruce German and I were told to be ready to move in 10 minutes and then after waiting seven hours, Bruce was moved and I was not!) but he apparently was annoyed at having to make another move. Queen and I had our dinner together and got our rooms arranged for the night. There appeared to be a storm outside and the wind was very strong coming into my room during the night, but I slept well nevertheless.

May 10, 1980: Late this afternoon Hamid opened the door between my room and Don Hohman's. Hohman's voice was very hoarse and sounded as though he was suffering from a sore throat. He explained to me that it was the result of his losing his temper and screaming at Hamid when he was moved across the hall the same time that Queen and I were a couple of days ago! Hamid also brought in some sport shirts which he said had been sent by Muhammed Ali (Cassius Clay)! He gave me a blue, nylon sport shirt and added some more items to our food supplies such as Carnation Instant Breakfast, some Lipton's "Cup of Soup", iodized salt, some B and C vitamins, etc. He seemed in a rather gay mood, laughing and joking, etc. However, we haven't gotten any mail out of him and he keeps putting us off regarding mail in a vague way telling us that, yes, there is some mail and perhaps tomorrow he will have some for us, etc.

It appears that he is spreading himself too thin and is unwilling to delegate authority so that important things (to us, at least) such as our receiving mail is neglected since he tries to do everything himself. Apparently, Joseph, the cook who has been preparing all our meals is now cooking only for a group of the hostages who were moved elsewhere the latter part of April when Bruce German and I were separated and I was moved the next day into the room with Don Hohman and subsequently to the room I am in now. We can't figure where the other hostages are but it appears that they have been moved somewhere off the Compound--but where? Some of the students are now preparing our meals and Hamid has given us a schedule of what meals we are to fix for ourselves when, and if, the schedule goes into effect--for example, we were told that we would be given the usual breakfast but on certain days we would have to fix our own lunch from the Co-op supplies given us and on certain days we would have to fix our own dinners. He said that he would give us the necessary cooking utensils--we now have a hot plate--when the schedule goes into effect.

May 11, 1980: Hamid came into my room in late morning to see whether I wanted to go outdoors and to also take a shower. Queen and I went but Hohman did not wish to, Hamid said. We were told to take our plates and spoons as we would eat outdoors. We were in the vegetable garden enclosure at the Ambassador's residence for about two hours. Weather was warm and beautiful and with bright, warm sun. I spent as much time in the sun as I could without danger of burning. Also found an evergreen branch and took some pieces of ivy to make a bouquet in my room, along with some pine cones. For lunch, which we are outdoors, we had an Iranian rice dish with herbs and yoghurt that was very tasty. We took our showers in the residence this time and I had mine in one of the back guestrooms.

For the first time we were permitted to enter the residence and walk upstairs to the bathrooms without being blindfolded--also to return outdoors without being blindfolded after we

had showered. There was plenty of hot water but the bathroom was filthy as usual. I was shocked to see the condition of the residence and how it has been virtually destroyed by the students! Hamid had told Queen and I that he would take us to the Co-Op store so that we could select some food items for our room, but he didn't do so. In the evening he brought us some mail. I received four pieces but nothing from my wife. He said that he had more so hopefully we will get more tomorrow.

Hamid mentioned that taking us outdoors and for showers interferes with his sorting and reviewing the mail and asked us whether we wanted to give up some of our outdoor period and showers or whether we wanted to have them have less mail. Both Queen and I stressed that, although we enjoyed getting outdoors, we would forego some of such periods in order to assure that we would have mail more often. This led to a discussion as to why Hamid tried to do everything and why he doesn't delegate some of his authority to other students. As I told him, he is trying to spread himself too thinly. He said that for security reasons (always the same story!) that only he is permitted to take us for exercise, showers, etc.: that certain students have been made responsible for certain groups of hostages and that he is responsible for the group in which Queen, Hohman and I find ourselves.

It is apparent that Hamid (and presumably the other students) are very much concerned about the image they are creating in world public opinion as they seem to be realizing that they are receiving very bad press reports. He brought in a news article concerning a reporter from a small Kansas radio-TV station who apparently had managed to get to Iran to talk to various students and had reported on his TV station that the U.S press was very "slanted" in its reporting of the students' activities here and, as a result, had been fired from his job. This led to further discussion as to why our mail is not getting through to our families and friends and again Hamid insisted that the U.S. Government is confiscating our mail since they don't want favorable impressions to reach the U.S. of our treatment here, which both Queen and I insisted is not true since the U.S. Government does not censor mail. However, we were unable to convince Hamid of this fact.

We also asked him why they didn't send our mail our via diplomatic channels to the Iranian Embassy in Washington or via the International Red Cross but Hamid replied that the students didn't wish to involve others in the handling of the mail. It is obvious to me that the Iranian Government (such as it is) is not in sympathy with the students' activities and for that reason the students don't want to turn our mail over to Iranian Government channels. I feel that since our mail is apparently put in the Iranian Postal System, the Iranian postal authorities are just not sending it out and it is being confiscated here.

Hamid asked me another strange question when he seemed to be in a more friendly mood. He asked me what I would do to him if he ever knocked on my door in the U.S. I told him that I really didn't know, but if he ever did I would probably invite him into my home and then attempt to show him that the U.S. is not such a bad place after all! He told me that he is age 23, is not married, lives in Tehran and that he visited the U.S. one time with some "group" (he didn't explain the nature of the visit) and that he had been in Canada and in about eight eastern states, including Michigan and Tennessee.

I mentioned to him that surely he and the students must be getting as tired of us as we are tired of being held here and asked him when this situation was ever going to end, to which he replied, "Something will happen within the next few weeks!" When I asked him what made him think so, he said that it would be because the students wanted it that way! That is the first time that he has ever given any encouragement as to an end of this affair. It appears to me that they

are finally beginning to realize that they have done the wrong thing, are putting Iran in a very difficult situation, and also realize that they are being held in a very bad light in world public opinion and want to bring this matter to an end. I'm sure they are now realizing that their initial hope that the Shah would be returned and that they would create a diplomatic coup against the U.S. and make themselves heroes in the eyes of the world has not come to pass--nor will it come to pass--and that they must bring this to an end. I sincerely hope so!

May 13, 1980: Hamid took us for an exercise period again in the vegetable garden area of the ambassador's residence and then for a shower in the Mushroom Inn. He also asked Queen and me if we would like to wash the car that takes us back and forth to the exercise and showers. I wasn't too keen about doing so but reluctantly told him I would. At first Queen said no, then when Hamid said that it was either both of us or not at all, he also reluctantly agreed. Later, however, before we were taken to the shower he decided that he wouldn't wash the car, stating that he would be willing to do some work, such as arranging books in the library, etc., that would be of benefit to the hostages but not just labor around the Compound that the students should do. I suggested that he tell Hamid so but before he had an opportunity to do so Hamid apparently changed his mind about having the car washed as nothing more was said about it.

Later in the evening, while Queen, Hohman and I were playing a game of Monopoly in my room, Hamid brought in some mail for Queen and me (none for Hohman). I received a letter from my brother, two from a friend (a former State Department nurse), and one from a pupil in a Brooklyn, N.Y. school. My brother's letter was dated April 18 and he commented that although my sister who also lives in Michigan had received one of my letters brought to the U.S. by Rev. Bremer (apparently one that I wrote the first week of April), he had heard nothing from me since mid-February when some American Indians brought some letters to the U.S. for mailing.

I counted the number of letters I have written since mid-February which amount to 136. Of this number my wife has received three (two brought back by Rev. Bremer and one long one that was sent Special Delivery on February 25 in reply to certain urgent questions she has asked by telephone in connection with the sale of our Falls Church house which the students permitted me to send) and the one that my sister received that I had written the first week of April (brought over by Rev. Bremer). It appears that all the remaining 132 letters have never left Iran! Why they are being held here, either by the students without mailing, or by the Iranian postal authorities or the so-called Iranian Government now in existence, I have no idea. I am confident, however, that our mail is *not* leaving Iran except in certain rare instances where it is hand-carried to the U.S. by someone such as the American ministers and then mailed there.

May 14, 1980: I didn't feel very well today. Have a runny nose cold. Have been trying to get some Coracidin and finally got some this evening from the medical student doctor. Hamid also brought some more mail in tonight and tried to convince me that our mail is getting through since one of the letters I received was in reply to one that I had written on Easter Monday, April 7. This was true; however, in checking my records I determined that the letter I wrote to this couple in Port Orchard, Washington on April 7 was one of the letters hand-carried by Rev. Bremer to the U.S. so there is still no evidence that any of my mail is getting through except for those occasional times when something is hand-carried. Hamid promised that the mail situation would improve now that he is responsible for it again and also that he would let me send a "Special Delivery" letter to my wife. So I will write it tomorrow.

May 16, 1980: Hamid took us outdoors this morning about 11:00 a.m. and we were able to remain in the bright sunshine for about two hours. I managed to get plenty of sun--in fact, all that I could take at one time. Then we had another shower. On our way back from the showers Hamid showed me some letters he was mailing that had Iranian postage affixed to them, among them the Special Delivery letter to my wife. Since they were obviously being mailed via Iranian Post (it appeared that he had about 12 to 15 letters in his hand--he said that some were mine, some were Queen's and others) that all of the other letters I have been writing these past few months have *not* been mailed for some reason.

I told Hamid this but only received the same old line that our mail was being stopped in the U.S and held up there "in order for the U.S. Government to torture our families by not receiving mail from us!" Both Queen and I strongly disagreed with this and told Hamid so, but it is always the line that we receive. Both of us are convinced that the students have *not* been mailing our letters so that *they* (not the U.S. Gov't) could create dissatisfaction among our families against the Gov't. How they could pursue such a heartless policy of not sending our letters out when mail means so much to us, I can't imagine! Anyway, I hope that some of our mail will now get through to our families and friends.

I went to bed about 11:30 p.m. and sometime after I had fallen asleep Hamid apparently came into my room and left a letter from my wife on my desk dated April 18 containing more photos of our new home in Arizona that my brother had taken. The letter took 29 days to reach me.

May 17, 1980: Hohman, Queen and I played Scrabble this evening until late. It was about midnight and I was just brushing my teeth and getting ready for bed when Hamid came in while I was in the bathroom and put up a propaganda poster in my room concerning the revolution that was, of course, very anti-American. When I came back to my room I took the poster down. When Hamid came back into my room he asked me why I had removed it and I told him that I didn't want it in *my* room, that it was not according to my taste. He told me that I had to have it on my wall and I reminded him that it was *my* room and that I didn't want it there. Then he said that my room was Iranian property and that I must have it on my wall. I again reminded him that this was the *American* Embassy and he told me very firmly that it was *Iranian property* and that I *must* display the poster. So I stuck the poster on the wall but in a spot behind the door where I won't have to see it so often and went to bed. Shortly thereafter Hamid returned to check that I had displayed the propaganda poster again and I indicated where I had posted it. He said that I must be aware of what the U.S. had done to Iran and I replied that I objected to his shoving their propaganda down my throat.

May 18, 1980: This morning Akbar, one of the former mailmen who brought us our mail and other items when I was sharing the room with Bruce German, came into my room when Queen was with me. It seems that Queen regarded him very highly--speaking of him as one of the kinder students and one who looked after him well when he was kept in the Mushroom Inn along with Joe Hall. Akbar professed to express surprise that I was no longer with German and asked me where German was. Of course I told him that I had no idea as we had been split up the night of April 25 and I hadn't seen him since. (I'm sure that Akbar knew exactly where German is now!) He then commented, "Perhaps they have sent him home!" which, of course, I also didn't believe. Then he said to Queen and me, "You will probably be able to go home very soon now."



What he based this on I have no idea, but I am not taking his remarks seriously as I have heard such comments too many times before.

When we asked him about the old mail and whether we could have it as we would like to see and read it even if it is old, Christmas mail, he said that "Oh there are probably a hundred bags--only addressed 'to the hostages'!" Why would we want that mail? Queen told him that we would still like to see it as we like to reply to the people who so kind as to send us cards and greetings. Of course, both of us also believe that among this unread mail there may be many old letters intended for us that we have never received. However, it is highly unlikely that Akbar or Hamid, or anyone else, will ever give us all these cards and letters as they won't take the trouble to open the bags and review the mail even though we have offered to assist them.

Then right after lunch Hamid took Queen and me outdoors for exercise. Hohman declined to go. We were taken to the vegetable garden enclosure in back of the Ambassador's residence and actually spent from four to five hours there! I sat in the sun for as long as I could take it (as I must take it easy since I haven't been in the sun much lately), then did a lot of walking back and forth and then sat in the Shade and studied my Spanish. "Herk", the Marine's mascot dog came in and I play with her petted her a lot. She is very dirty and really needs a bath! Then we were taken for a hot shower in the Mushroom Inn, our seventh shower since the first of May! Received eight letters tonight, one from my brother and the others from friends or people I don't know. Nothing this time from my wife. [NOTE: Sometime about the middle of May (I apparently forgot to mention it in these notes), the medical student "doctor" gave me a Gamma Globulin shot so I should be OK for the next six months...that is, until Nov. 15, 1980.]

May 19, 1980: Tonight Hamid was in one of his frivolous moods. He came into my room with one of the other students and asked why I didn't try to learn Farsi--that since I might be here for a few more years (!) that I ought to learn their language. I told him that I didn't intend to remain here that long: that I had no use for anything Iranian or the Iranians; that I never intended to return to Iran under any circumstances; that when I left here I intended to blot this experience, Iran and the Iranian people from my mind, and therefore had no desire or interest in learning their language. He then went on to say that "even if he invited me to return to Iran, wouldn't I return?" to which I replied that under no circumstances would I ever return to Iran since this experience had taught me that the Iranians couldn't be trusted under any circumstances.

He then went on to say that he and the other students were sorry that I couldn't return home as they really felt that I should and that they liked me very much and regarded me as a "father" to them. When I suggested that there was no reason for them to hold me, and that if they sincerely felt that I should be in my home in the U.S. with my wife, that they should release me. Hamid said that they would really like to do so but could not because the Shah had not been returned! The usual line of crap since they have already released the blacks and the secretaries and if they were sincere in considering that I should not be held here they had every reason to have released me based on my age and the fact that I had been sent here only on a temporary basis. This is just more of Hamid's double talk and insincerity.

May 24, 1980: Haven't reported on the past few days as there has been nothing eventful--every day exactly like the one before it. Had just gone to bed tonight when Hamid came into my room and brought a scenic picture, apparently one taken somewhere in the Western mountains with the inscription, "Time flies, suns rise and Shadows fall. Let time go by. Love is forever. (Old Sun

Dial)". I told him that time was not flying for me and that I could think of many places I would prefer to be than here with time passing me by.

He went on in his usual way (usual of late, that is) about how he really wished that I could be home with my wife in the U.S., etc. to which I replied that it was up to him to release me and that I could have been released a long time ago at the same time that they released several of the hostages, including the blacks and the secretaries, since I am not a young man, was only here on a temporary assignment, etc. He then went on to say how it was not up to him but to those who made the decisions for the students--declining to say exactly who the individuals were. He then mentioned again that a decision would be made within the next few weeks that would be hopeful for me. I replied that he had said that two weeks ago and that now he was extending it to another three weeks so that naturally I didn't believe him.

He said that this was so and that the students had agreed to accept whatever decision "they" would make regarding us. When I asked him to explain who "they" are, he said that he couldn't tell me. Of course, I have no reason to believe him since he continually lies about everything concerning us and whatever decision "they" might make is no guarantee anyway that it would result in our release. It is slightly encouraging, however, as heretofore all that Hamid would ever say was that "You will be released when Carter returns the Shah!" )

Our discussion then went on into a variety of subjects. Hamid is of the opinion that the students are very kind and considerate of us, pointing out my present room, the better treatment, the possibility of outdoor exercise and sun, more frequent showers, the various "goodies" we are now receiving such as fruit juices, nutmeats, occasionally some ice cream, etc. He also mentioned that this was an experience for me and that I could write a book about it when I am released, etc. I told him that this was an experience that I didn't need, that I have had plenty of experiences in my life, most of them much more pleasant and interesting than this one. Also that he appears to forget the first four months of our captivity and the more considerate treatment that we are now receiving would in no way erase the first four months from my memory.

By this time Queen had joined in on the conversation. We both told Hamid what a disservice the students were performing for their own country; how the entire world certainly must be against them for their actions and how it was hurting their country. Hamid, of course, began his usual diatribe about how the U.S. was killing blacks; that martial law had been declared in some U.S. cities because of riots, etc. Queen pointed out to him that Iran was in such chaos that they were, in effect, "calling attention to sparks from their neighbor's chimney while their own house was burning down!" Also, how they were supporting the Palestinian terrorists whose actions were resulting in the killing of women and children, yet they criticized other countries where such things also took place--that it was anti-Muslim, etc.

We also got into a discussion of mail and Queen pointed out to him that Akbar, one of the students who had taken care of Queen and the hostages in the Mushroom Inn and told him that there were "many bags of mail...possibly 100" that had never been sorted and that it was up to Hamid to permit us to sort them and see what letters were addressed to any of the hostages personally. Hamid agreed that we could do this and told us to contact Akbar to give us the mail! When Queen said that we didn't know where Akbar was and that we wouldn't see him again soon, Hamid tried to tell us that he couldn't contact Akbar! Queen challenged him on that, saying that it was inconceivable that Hamid couldn't get word to Akbar! I also queried Hamid on what had happened to the more than 135 letters I had written from the end of February to the present time that no one in the U.S. has received and his only reply was that he wasn't in charge

of the mail at that time! He refused, however, to admit that none of the letters had actually been mailed as I am convinced is what has happened.

May 26, 1980: Hamid told us this morning that one of the local newspapers carried an article stating that the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in Tehran had reported that "Carter" had sent a snake to Iran! How anyone could actually believe that President Carter had sent a snake (presumably poisonous) in the mail to Iran really stretches the imagination! It is entirely possible that some "kook" in the U.S. did send a snake to the students hoping that it would sting and kill one of them, but for anyone to believe that President Carter would do such a thing is beyond belief! Also, why some poor innocent snake should have to suffer the indignity of being sent to Iran for the rest of his life also boggles the mind! However, these students are ready to believe absolutely anything as long as it is against the U.S.!

May 28, 1980: This evening many shots were fired somewhere on the Compound, apparently someone may have been trying to enter the Compound. Don't really know the reason but there were 15 or 20 shots fired. Then we heard police sirens and various students hollering and running about the Compound. May not have been anything at all as these students are notoriously "gun happy." I am always concerned that some one of us will be hurt by their careless handling of weapons. Yesterday evening a group of the students were marching around the Compound shouting some of their slogans and gathering below our windows to shout primarily for our benefit, I'm sure.

May 30, 1980: Hamid told us today that beginning tomorrow, May 31, we are again restricted to writing not more than three letters per week of 200 words each. While I am not too happy about having to write such short letters, it may be an indication that they are going to mail our letters again which I am confident they have not been doing. He said that if we had any special problems that we had to write about we could get permission to write longer letters on an exceptional basis. He also indicated that either Queen, Hohman or I may be moved again with probably two of us sharing the same room. It appears that some other hostages may be going to be brought back into the Chancery and that they need more rooms on this floor than they are using now. Where the other hostages have been all this time is a mystery, but I hope I won't have to move again. I am getting pretty tired of it.

May 31, 1980: Hamid came into our room about 11:00 p.m. with the young guard who had been on duty in the corridor, after Queen, Hohman and I had been playing Scrabble for a couple of hours. He remarked to Queen and me that if we didn't want to get into trouble we would have to wear our towels over our heads when going to the bathroom so that there was no chance of our seeing anything. We had no idea what prompted this sudden disciplinarian attitude on Hamid's part as we certainly weren't aware that either of us had been trying to circumvent their stupid rules and regulations and especially to be reprimanded at that hour! Apparently the young student on guard had complained to him. So I was asked to put my towel over my head in the way that I do when I want to go to the toilet or for showers and Hamid approved of it.

Then Queen was asked to do the same and Hamid disapproved of the way that Queen did so, which was exactly the same manner in which I put my towel over my head, and told Queen that he had to do it a different way so that he could see nothing at all, not even his feet! Queen laughingly replied, "Roger" and Hamid, obviously annoyed, wanted to know what that meant. I

explained that “Roger” meant “Right” or “OK”, and he went out. Later Queen and I compared the size of our towels. His is even larger than mine so there is no reason why both of us shouldn’t use the same mode in putting them over our heads as blindfolds, so it is obvious that Hamid is just disciplining us in his jealousy because we have complained to other students about his holding up our mail among his other annoying mannerisms.

June 1, 1980: This morning Queen asked for some book matches, as he is usually given several at a time for his smoking, but was given only one. The student guard on duty told him that he had instructions to give him only one book match! Another example of Hamid’s harassment. No doubt there will continue to be other examples. Today begins our eighth month of captivity and no relief in sight. It is exactly three weeks ago today that Hamid told me that “something will happen in the next few weeks” to end this situation, but so far there has been no evidence that anything is happening.

Queen is of the opinion that an Islamic trial is now in process for the approximately 35 hostages who are regarded by the students as the “arch criminals” and that the rest of us (approximately 15) are being held without trial because we have not been actively involved in what the students consider to be “anti Islamic activities”. I am not sure that Queen’s theory is correct but I have no way of knowing what is actually going on. It is inconceivable to me that our government would ever permit the students to put Embassy employees on any sort of a trial without taking some positive action to prevent it, yet we hear absolutely nothing from our government--or from anyone--as to what measures, if any, are being taken to help us!

June 2, 1980: This afternoon about 4:00 p.m. Hamid told Queen (while I was in the toilet) that he was to move into my room and that the three of us—Queen, Hohman and I—would share just two rooms in the future. Also that the entrance to our two rooms would be through Hohman’s room and the other doors—the one formerly connecting Queen’s room and mine and my door leading to the hall would be closed. It appears that they are getting ready to move some of the other hostages back into this building from wherever they have been since the night of April 25 when we had the big move. Then later in the evening when I was also in the toilet, Akbar (one of the students that Queen thinks is very helpful) told Queen and Hohman that no mail has been coming into Iran for the past three weeks on account of the Iranian Gov’t declaring that all former ten thousand Rial notes are invalid. This move was to stop money from being returned to Iranian banks and to certain Iranians that had been taken out of the country at the time of the revolution and since. This may account for the small amount of mail that we have been receiving if all mail has been held up for the past three weeks.

June 5, 1980: A shot was fired just under our window early this morning. Have no idea what the guard was shooting at but probably wasn’t even aware that he still had a cartridge in the gun. They are always playing around with their guns and are so careless in handling them. Apparently they regard them as toys! It is a miracle that no one has been killed or shot accidentally--students or hostages. This evening while we were playing Scrabble Hamid came in with two sheets and told Queen and me that we would have to wear these each time when going to take a shower. In addition we would have to use a small cloth (I have a napkin for the purpose) to be blindfolded and then the sheet will be placed over our heads! When I asked Hamid what the reason for this was he said it was for “security”. When I asked for a clarification

as to why we needed both the blindfold and the sheet over our heads he said that the blindfold was so that we couldn't see out and the sheet was to prevent others (whoever they may be!) from seeing who we are! As to why our identity is to be kept secret Hamid could only give his usual weak excuse that he has nothing to do with it as it is for "security reasons".

It has been bad enough to have to wear a towel over our head each time we are taken out of doors and to showers, but at least I could see my feet and could be reasonably sure where I am walking. If we now have to be blindfolded and also have sheets over our heads, I will be blind as a bat and so as it appears now I don't intend to take any more showers as there is too much danger of my falling and breaking a leg or other bones as we have different stairs to go up and down. I will just have to take a standup bath in the toilet.

I also complained to Hamid that, although I have requested it both orally and in writing, we don't have proper dish washing or clothes washing soaps, bleach, etc. I also asked for more of the mosquito repellent tablets for the electronic mosquito destroyer that we have but he pays no attention to getting us the things that we need, yet he is supposed to be in charge of this area! As we were playing Scrabble he invited himself to play a game with us, so we had to let him play. If this is going to become a nightly occurrence, then it looks as if we will have to play during the day when he is not here and forget about our nightly games.

Tonight our food was purchased for us from a restaurant as our cook apparently is away taking his exams. It was an unusual, but very tasty, Iranian dish. Some sort of ground meat and vegetables made into large balls around an apricot.

June 6, 1980: Two shots were fired by the guard just outside the toilet this morning. Breakfast was terrible this morning. The stale bread left over from yesterday, no butter, a small amount of grape jelly and some hard-frozen Philadelphia cream cheese—so hard it couldn't be eaten for breakfast! Things are really going from bad to worse here. Yesterday we were told it was an anniversary (18<sup>th</sup>) of the day, apparently in 1963, that, according to the students, the "Shah killed 15,000 people". There was a small demonstration in front of the Chancery, but there wasn't much enthusiasm and it didn't last long.

June 7, 1980: Since it is so warm now I usually go around in my room during the day without a T-shirt, putting it on only to go to the toilet as we cannot go bare-chested in the hall enroute to the toilet! I also sleep in only my underwear briefs and often wear only these when I am doing my morning exercises and my pacing back and forth each day to put in my approximately two miles of walking each day. This evening when I was sitting next door in Hohman's room talking with him, one of the guards who is one of Hamid's chief henchmen, referred to me as a "sex maniac" because I go around bare-chested! Such a weird sex outlook these characters have!

June 8, 1980: A barrage of gunshots again tonight around ten p.m. Have no idea what they were shooting at—probably just the usual gun-happy students! Hamid has been conspicuous by his absence lately. Doesn't come in until late evening and then only for a few minutes. Doesn't offer to take us out for exercise, sunshine or showers. Also isn't giving us mail. Last mail I received was a short note on June 4 and nothing from my wife since one I received on May 27—13 days ago!

It is exactly four weeks ago today that Hamid told me that something would happen within the next few weeks and that the students had agreed to abide by whatever decision "they" would make (have no idea who "they" are unless it could be the new Iranian Gov't). Also, it was

on May 18 that Akbar was in our room and told us that “we would be released soon now” but that was three weeks ago (and four weeks ago that Hamid said something would happen soon—in fact, he mentioned to me that it probably would be the end of the month [May], but as yet absolutely nothing has happened that gives us any hope of getting out of here soon. It is obvious to me that our own Gov’t has no intention of getting us out of here very soon, probably for domestic political reasons, as it is inconceivable to me that our government would leave us here for going on eight months if it really wanted to effect our release! Hamid was in again late this evening and I again asked him for some mosquito repellent tablets for our electronic mosquito destroyer and he promised them within the next day or two. However, he is always promising things and then taking his own sweet time about getting them for us.

June 9, 1980: I wrote Hamid a note today reminding him that I had not received a letter from my wife since May 27 and also that I had only received three letters since June 4. He came in about 5:00 p.m. and said that he would have a letter from my “cousin” (nothing from my wife) and also a letter for Queen and would bring them to us later in the evening, but he never showed up with them—not even during the night, as is his usual procedure. He did, however, bring in a box of the “Vapomats” (tablets for the electronic mosquito destroyer).

All day today the students were burning papers in an incinerator out of doors and the flakes of ash kept floating into our room making a mess and the smell of the burning paper was very bad as well. One of the students told Queen that they were burning Embassy papers: the ones, I presume, that they have been reading for the past several months—having gone through all the Embassy’s files, classified and otherwise.

June 10, 1980: This morning Akmahd, one of our former mailmen and who Queen considers to be a reliable and helpful person (I don’t, as I wouldn’t trust him any further than I could throw a bull by the tail. He is the one who tore up a letter to my wife before my eyes as I had referred to the students in the letter as “SOB’s”.) Anyway, he commented that “we would be released soon”; also that a ‘decision would be made soon’. What period of time “soon” entails or just who is to make the “decision” or what the decision entails he did not clarify, however, so how much of what he said we can believe is problematical.

Then at noon one of the students came in at lunchtime and took some extra plates and spoons that we had which led us to believe that they have moved some of the other hostages back into this building and, in fact, Hohman did see one of the hostages in the corridor that we have not seen for many weeks so apparently some have actually been moved back here. What all this means, of course, is only a matter of conjecture. Hamid did not show his face here all day or evening and as yet has not brought Queen and me the letters that he promised us last evening. What he is up to is anybody’s guess! It is a treat not to have him poking his nose into our business but we would like our mail—also the return of our Scrabble game that he promised to return within 24 hours, but hasn’t.

June 11, 1980: Hamid popped in long enough today to return the Scrabble game to us (after I especially asked him for it.) I also asked him if we would receive the letters that he promised us two days ago and he said we would receive them, but didn’t give any idea as to when and we didn’t receive them today.

June 12, 1980: Late this afternoon, about 5:30 p.m., we began to hear several volleys of gunfire. At first it sounded like fireworks but it was too early in the day for a fireworks display. We then thought that some ammunition dump had caught fire as the shots were going off in rapid succession and it appeared that they were uncontrolled. There were several such volleys and then other shots very near the Embassy (Chancery). There could also be heard shouting in the distance. We couldn't really make out what was going on when Hamid entered our room and told us that there was a "debate" between the students and other persons who called themselves Muslims but, according to Hamid, really were "Marxists", and that the gunfire was from the "Posteron" (the Islamic Revolutionary Movements militia) who were shooting in the air to control the demonstrators. Then another student came in and closed the windows in our room, informing us that it wasn't safe with the windows open. Our opinion was that the Iranian newsbroadcasts were being amplified at that time, as they usually are several times during the day, and that the students in our building didn't want us to hear the broadcasts or to learn from the shouting what actually was going on.

Later on Queen obtained confirmation from some of the students, without their actually going into detail about what was happening, that a group of demonstrators (probably made up of opposition students and probably other Iranians) who are against our being held here such a long time because of what effect it is having on the economy and the country in general. A couple of the students told Queen that no one had been killed but that some had been injured—how many we have no idea. At this point we don't know whether the decision that Hamid told us about has definitely been made, but it would appear that it has and that it is not to our advantage. Queen overheard some of the students talking in the corridor outside our room and it now appears that they intended to keep us here for a year—that is, a year from the date of our capture! He claimed to have heard some of the students discussing this and that he also heard my name being mentioned with them saying something to the effect that I was a retired officer and had only worked in the Consular Section so they didn't know whether they would keep me here or release me. I would hope that they would release me if, in fact, they have made a decision to keep the hostages here for several more months, but I don't really have much hope for special consideration. Hamid again told me that he has some more mail for us but still hasn't given us the letters he told us he had four days ago!

June 14, 1980: Hamid wasn't around all day yesterday and this morning about 11:00 a.m. one of the students came in and asked Queen and me if we wanted to go outdoors for exercise and a shower. When I told him that I would like to go, but refused to go if I had to wear the double blindfold with the sheet over my head, he said that I could go with just the towel over my head as had been the practice heretofore. When Queen started to put his towel over his head he said that only I could use the towel because I was "old" but Queen would have to put on the sheet—a la Ku Klux Klan, so Queen refused to go. Then the student relented and said that we could both go with just towels over our head. Apparently, since Hamid wasn't around to supervise the student was able to make his own rules. So he took us first to the garden in back of the residence where we were able to walk back and forth in the hot sunshine for about 30 minutes. It wasn't long enough for me to get a sunburn, but it was good to get out in the sun for a while anyway.

Then we were taken to the "Mushroom Inn" for our showers. The place is really a mess now! It seems that the drains clogged up completely (they have been draining poorly for some time now) and so instead of calling in a plumber to repair them, they merely knocked a hole in the drainpipe and now the water from the showers has to flow out into the shower room to reach

another floor drain! In order to get to the showers we have to walk over a sort of platform that has been constructed over the area where the floor is constantly under water! Leave it to the Iranians to destroy things rather than repair them! Hamid didn't show up all day or evening, so again we have had no mail. It has now been 11 days since we received our last mail and the last letter I received from my wife was hers of May 12 that I received on May 27—19 days ago! Yet Hamid has told me on two occasions that he has mail for us. He has it, but doesn't give it to us.

June 15, 1980: It has now been five weeks since Hamid told us (on May 11) that “something would happen within the next few weeks” and that the students had agreed to abide by whatever decision, apparently a decision that would result in our being released. However, even though five weeks have now passed there doesn't appear to be any indication that we will be released soon—or ever! All very, very discouraging.

June 17, 1980: Late this afternoon Hamid popped in—the first we have seen of him for the past few days—and left three letters for me; one from my wife dated May 19 (took 30 days to reach me!); also a postcard from my wife dated May 23 (925 days to reach me); and a letter from my brother dated May 17 (30 days to reach me). However, there is no sign of the letter from my “cousin” that Hamid told me on June 9 had arrived. He said he had given the letter to one of the other students to give to me, but I have never received it! I'm sure Hamid is still holding it. My brother wrote that he was addressing his letter to a new address (the I.W.G. address in Wash., D.C. hoping that it would reach me “in my new location”). Apparently he had received word in Washington that I was being moved, presumably along with the approximately 35 others that were moved out of here on April 25, and also to use the I.W.G. address. Rita's card was also addressed to the I.W.G. address.

Queen also said that he could hear a radio news report from a radio outside the Chancery mentioning something about the “five” hostages and that “negotiations” were going on; however, we have heard nothing about the so-called “decision” that was supposed to have been made the end of May or early June, so we still don't know what is going on. Then in the evening while we were playing Scrabble, two of the students (Queen's friends) came in and were baiting him about why Carter is keeping us here and not bringing us back to the U.S., etc. etc. Then they also talked to him about starting some English language classes for some of the students, so it doesn't look as though we have any prospects of getting out of here very soon. Can't imagine that the students would be interested in having English language instruction started if they had any plans of releasing us within the foreseeable future. When Hamid came in with the few letters for us he said nothing at all; that is, whether there was more mail for us; anything about our prospects for release; where he has been for the past few days—just nothing at all!

June 18, 1980: No sign of Hamid at all today. He has been conspicuously absent for the past several days. Don't know whether he is supervising the other hostages, wherever they are, or just taking time off. His only appearance within the past several days has been yesterday when he popped in briefly to toss a few letters to us—like tossing a starving dog a bone with only a few scraps of meat on it—as there certainly must be more mail for us than what he gave us. He still hasn't given me the letter he said had arrived from my “cousin” and now doesn't even know where it is! When he did show his face yesterday, he seemed either to be afraid to face us or ashamed to do so. He should be!



Queen is now of the opinion that the students are trying to break our spirit and turn us against our own government, as the two students who were in yesterday talking about starting English lessons were saying that they intend to keep us here ten years! That Carter is making no attempt to obtain our release, etc. Queen is of the opinion that they intend to keep us here until after the convention or the election (November 4<sup>th</sup>) as part of Khomeini's personal vendetta against Carter since Queen believes he has now transferred his hatred of the Shah to Carter. I'm sure he has, but I don't discuss these matters any more with Queen since he is so opinionated and always knows all the answers (in his view, that is), so since we hardly agree on anything I am doing my best not to even discuss politics with him. Likewise, I have given up trying to predict what the students are doing, since nothing they do tell us is the truth and I no longer attempt to try to read their various attitudes, moods, etc. as Queen does. In fact, as they days go by—or rather as the months go by—I am losing all hope of ever getting out of here within a reasonable period of time. As far as I'm concerned, the "reasonable" period of time has long since passed and I fail to understand why our Gov't hasn't taken some positive action long before this to get us out of here.

I don't need the students to turn me against my own government; I just no longer have any faith in it or in God either, for that matter. Our meals are being served to us later and later. We usually get our breakfast (Iranian bread that is like a bathmat!), butter, jam or cheese, and tea, when we ask for it anywhere from 9:00 to 10:30 a.m.; however, lunch is usually served to us about 2:30 or 3:00 p.m. and one day we didn't get it until 4:30 p.m.! Supper is usually served about 9:30 to 10:00 although the other evening it was so late that I asked for it (it was then 10:30 p.m.!) and was told that the cook was sick and that we would have to wait a while. Finally, about 11:00 to 11:30 p.m. we were given two hamburger sandwiches each (local hamburgers apparently from a restaurant). They weren't as good as American hamburgers, but weren't bad—good sized patties and also fresh tomatoes and pickles on them.

June 19, 1980: Queen and I didn't get off to a very good start today. He did, however, reluctantly admit that our Gov't probably should have attempted to get us out of here with force during the first few days following our capture, an opinion I have had ever since we were taken as hostages. I commented that I couldn't understand why our Gov't hasn't given the Iranians an ultimatum that if were not released immediately they would come in and bomb the hell out of this country, destroying everything in sight, including bombing Tehran. Queen violently objected to this—saying that our Gov't would never and shouldn't resort to terror bombing—that only the Nazis did that sort of thing, etc. (Little does he know what we did in World War II!)

I commented that the Iranians have continued to provoke us into any such actions that we might deem appropriate and that would have no one but themselves to blame, but that I was confident that Carter would not resort to such action anyway. Then later in the day Hohman, Queen and I were discussing the present situation and both Hohman and I commented that we had no use for any of the students engaged in this matter and that we would do everything in our power to bring to the attention of the American people what had gone on here and would do everything in our power to assure that the Iranians were punished for their actions, such as by a complete embargo of goods to their country, etc.

I commented that the only one who would probably have anything good to say about the Iranian students was Queen because he regarded them as his friends. With that he blew up and said that he had repeatedly told me that he regarded them as individuals and that it apparently

went in one ear and out the other (my ears, of course!). I replied that I understood him completely but that I didn't believe him and with that he replied that I was a fool!

I am getting pretty sick of his opinions and especially his having butted in the night that Hamid came into my room and told me that he really would like to see me released but that couldn't do so. I told him [Hamid] at that time that they had every reason to release me the same as they had released the blacks here and the secretaries. Since then Queen has accused me of "begging" Hamid to be released, which I certainly did not do. However, I told him that if the students did release me on their own accord, I would certainly leave here.

Queen feels that if such happened, I would be acting against the interests of the other hostages if I took advantage of it and I told him that if such an offer were made (which is highly unlikely anyway), it was every man for himself and that I would certainly get out of here as fast as I could. He interprets this to mean that I would be a "traitor" to the other hostages but I certainly don't feel that way. I have done nothing to better my own position by betraying any of the others (as some of the hostages have attempted to do here from what I have heard) but if the students released me on their own volition nothing would be served to assist the other hostages by my remaining here. In my opinion, it is not my job to get the other hostages released—that is the responsibility of our Government. Queen apparently feels that he would insist on remaining here until all hostages were released, even if he were told by the students that he could leave. However, that is up to him.

Anyway, it is an academic question as there is no indication that the students intend to release any of us until such time as an agreement is made with the U.S. Gov't regarding our welfare and release. Anyway, since our discussion this afternoon he is having a real "pique" and is not speaking to me—as if I could care less. At suppertime he took his plate and went into Don's room to eat with him, apparently thinking that I will be all broken up without his company!

Also this afternoon Hohman saw from his window that the students were attempting to start up a car, a "Mercury Cougar" that a hostage named Bill Belk had bought at the Embassy auction. It was one of the cars that had to be abandoned during the evacuation at the time of the revolution in February. He had paid \$4300 for it. It was practically brand new with only about 2,000 miles on it! It appears that the students are taking all the cars away (stealing them, I would say) and there are now only about eight cars left on the Compound. Incidentally, they did get Belk's car started and drove it off the Compound. How anyone can be friends with the students who are making fools of the U.S. Government and stealing the U.S. Gov't and the hostages blind is more than I can understand! However, Queen seems to have other views. No sign again of Hamid all day and no mail either.

June 20, 1980: We were told that Akbar, one of the students who has previously handled the mail and whom Queen regards as conscientious, is coming over tonight or tomorrow for a few days to take care of the mail that appears to have been completely neglected by Hamid. Don't know what has happened to Hamid as we haven't seen him for the past several days except for the time a couple of days ago when he popped in briefly without saying anything to any of us and gave us a few pieces of mail. He has certainly neglected everything lately—mail, showers, taking care of any other requests that we make such as wanting to see the doctor or even to obtain simple things such as aspirins, soap and materials for laundry and washing dishes. We are delighted not to have him poking his nose into our business all the time with his enforcement of the silly

regulations (security!) here, but his neglect of his duties has certainly affected the receipt (and, I presume, also the sending) of our outgoing mail and that I don't like.

June 21, 1980: First day of summer (if that matters!); also the longest day and we don't need any days longer than they are now! Akbar came in this morning and, from what we understand, he is now going to be with us permanently to supervise us. Already we can see a big difference as I received six letters early in the day, including the one from "cousin" Anna Margaret that actually arrived here on June 9 but wasn't given to me until today. The others also received mail, including Don Hohman who hasn't received any for months! Then we were all taken for showers at the "Mushroom Inn".

Queen is so delighted with the new setup that he commented that he doesn't mind at all the prospect of our being kept here for a few more months! Well, when we took our showers the shower room in the Mushroom Inn smelled like an open sewer because the water now stands on the floor rather than draining out because the drains are completely plugged. That, and just the prospect of being kept here indefinitely is enough to make anyone climb the walls—yet Queen thinks it is just fine! As I say, it beats working, as far as he is concerned, I'm sure, otherwise I don't see how one could have such a "Pollyanna" attitude.

About mid-afternoon I was taken over to the vegetable garden enclosure of the residence just to sit in the sun. Got about an hour of hot sunshine which felt wonderful and was all that I could take at one time. While there I asked Akbar when he expected us to be released, as both he and Akmahd had been in recently, telling us that we "would be released soon". As nearly as I could determine from his remarks, apparently the possibility of our being released soon fell through (no doubt because the students insist on keeping the five or six special hostages here and our Gov't naturally won't agree to their being kept here). Akbar said that I shouldn't ask him about "political" matters, claiming that it wasn't up to the students but to "Parliament" and especially Khomeini. He did mention, however, that he hoped matters would be settled by October (!) as the students wanted to return to their studies. Now he is talking about the possibility of settling the matter by *October*! So there doesn't appear to be any hope of our getting out of here within the foreseeable future.

Incidentally, Akbar didn't insist on our being "double blindfolded" as Hamid did and also told me that I could go out each day to sit in the sunshine. Later in the evening while we were playing Scrabble, Hamid came in and unctuously asked how we were and just sat for a while in our room without saying anything since we did our best to ignore him completely. Then after we had gone to bed he came in again with three more letters for me, one of which was from my sister, only the third letter I have had from her in the eight months of our captivity, and another from my wife. He also brought us some cashews, soda crackers, a jar of Smuckers Blackberry Jam, a bar of Iranian toilet soap and some suckers. So now we don't know whether we are stuck with him again as our supervisor or whether Akbar will remain here. Let's hope that the latter will be the case.

June 22, 1980: Akbar came in fairly early this morning and brought us some "One a Day" vitamins, Iranian pistachio nuts, Lays Barbecued potato chips, some blueberry and peach pie filling (in a can), and Sanka coffee. He also let me write a two-page letter to my wife and assured me that it would be sent "Special Delivery". When I asked if I could also write Special Delivery letters to my sister and brother in Michigan he said that would be too expensive. Since I am sure they are using the thousands of U.S. dollars when they broke into the Embassy safes, I

don't see what difference it would make since it isn't their money! However I am grateful that I could get a letter off to my wife with special suggestions for the landscaping of our new home in Arizona.

Then just before lunch I was taken to the "laundry" enclosure of the residence to sit in the sun which was bright and very warm. Fortunately, there was a lovely breeze so I was able to stay in the sun for about 20 minutes on my front and back. Then I took a stand-up bath to get the perspiration off me and to cool off a bit. Tonight Akbar brought us some "submarine" sandwiches for supper—one each of frankfurter, pickles and tomato, and the other of a sort of pressed sausage meat. Both were from local Iranian "fast food" shops and were tasty. He also gave us each a small container of Iranian ice cream—more like a lemon sherbet.

Really hot and sticky today. We now go around in just our underwear briefs all day in our room but have to put on our trousers and T-shirt, as well as the usual blindfold (towel over our head) to go to the toilet! I guess they will never do away with that silly procedure—so-called "security procedures"!

June 23, 1980: Akbar came in this morning with more mail for us—about nine pieces for me! Since June 21 I have received 25 pieces of mail—five from my wife, three from my brother, one from my sister (the third letter from her in the 8 months that I have been here!), four from our friend Julia Worthington, and ten from strangers. June 21 was the day Akbar took over. In these three days I have received more mail than I could hope for from the liar Hamid in a month or more! Later in the day Akbar told Queen that the mail is in a real "mess". He said that there are "tons" (an exaggeration, of course, but meaning a lot of it) of mail and that much of it had been ruined because Hamid had left it out in the rain—of all places! Apparently, both our incoming mail and outgoing mail have been ruined. Akbar told Queen to "forget the past mail...it is a mess...both incoming and outgoing!" As if the Good Lord hasn't persecuted us enough—now we learn that our mail has been ruined too!

June 24, 1980: Akbar took me out again this morning to sit in the sun, the second time so far this week. The sun was hot and bright but there was a nice breeze so I was able to toast myself on both sides (from the waist up only since I can't take off my trousers on account of the fact there might be some women about!) and was able to remain outdoors in the sun for about 45 minutes—quite enough because it was mid-day when the sun was the strongest.

We also received more mail today—in fact, these past few days have been like Christmas! So far I have received 41 pieces of mail—10 from my wife, the latest being June 16 and arriving here in just 7 days! Also had two letters from her via the International Red Cross in Geneva dated May 1 and May 23. I understand they have been lying around here for the past month or so—some more of Hamid's negligence. Also received 8 from my brother, one from my sister, and the others from a cousin, some friends, and 14 from strangers. One of my letters to a student on Long Island that I wrote on May 12 got through OK as I received a letter dated June 1 from a man in Staten Island, N.Y. who mentioned it. It may have been published in a newspaper there.

Supper tonight was late and didn't amount to much—only a can of Iranian packed beans. They were tasty, but I could have eaten more but did have enough especially along with some dates. Today Akbar let Queen move back into the room he was occupying when Hamid made us double-up in my room. So the three of us—Hohman, Queen and I—again have our own rooms that connect so we can get together when we wish. The door to my room leading to the corridor

must remain closed, however, so I must use either Queen's or Hohman's exit doors when I want to go to the toilet.

We also received parts of some fairly recent newspapers in which we learned that apparently some raid was made on Iran –when or of what size, I don't know. However, it apparently failed and Secretary of State Vance learned about it (apparently he had not been consulted) and disapproved, so he resigned as Secretary of State just before the raid and former U.S. Senator Muskie of Maine is now the new Secretary of State. [note: Cyrus Vance had been consulted but opposed the raid, handing in his resignation on April 21, 1980, just before the raid.] From some editorials it appears that Carter has used the hostages as his excuse to remain somewhat secluded and to further his aims at the obtaining the Democratic nomination at the convention. According to the papers, and also from what I have gleaned from some of the letters I have received, the contest will no doubt be between Carter and Reagan. With all the politics going on, it seems that our chances to be released soon are almost nil. It rankles me that we are being "used" to selfish political aims!

One of the students told me that it was 24 degrees Centigrade today (don't know just what that is in Fahrenheit).

June 25, 1980: We were taken for a shower this morning at the Mushroom Inn. Good to get the shower but the place still smells like a sewer and, of course, will continue to do so since the shower drains are clogged and all the water now just runs across the floor and as there is no ventilation in the building it is bound to stink! After our shower we all picked up some books in the library at the Mushroom Inn. While there I noted a box in one corner with a bunch of Bibles and New Testaments that had been sent over by some American religious organization. I saw that each one had been addressed to an individual hostage with a special message written on the inside cover for that hostage. Also in the box were many packages still wrapped in Christmas paper but with the name of a hostage on the outside of the wrapping. All of these apparently had been sent over as Christmas gifts to the hostages but were never distributed. While it is true that we received many Bibles, New testaments and other religious material that was distributed to us, there is no excuse for not distributing these too since they were addressed to individual hostages; yet these students are supposed to be religious themselves. They certainly are not good examples of what a Muslim should be.

In the evening the medical student "doctor" came to see me and took my blood pressure two times. First time it was 155/75 (right arm) and the second reading (left arm) taken when I was lying down on my bed was 140/70 which he said is normal for my age although it is higher than it usually is. Usually it has been 125/80. Doctors have always told me that I have the blood pressure of a 25 year old. The medical student, who seems to be very competent, also listened to my heart and I told him about the incident in January '73 when a piece of calcium flaked off from my aorta which has calcification on it and entered my blood stream, going to my left eye and causing partial loss of vision in that eye. He said that he will be back within a few days to take an EKG (Electrocardiogram) of my heart.

Akbar also brought in five pieces of mail for me, three of which were June letters from my wife and two from school children in St. Louis, Michigan, where I used to live at one time. She commented that she had received my May 9 letter, also that a nephew and niece in New York State had received my May 14 letter. She didn't mention having received the May 15 letter to her that was supposed to have been sent "Special Delivery" but at least some letters are getting through.

Dinner was extremely late again tonight—hamburger patties, carrots, zucchini, pickles and black sweet cherries—but not served until 11:00 p.m. Can't understand why such a simple meal should take such a long time to prepare. Our food is now being thrown together in a sort of kitchen in the basement of the Chancery.

June 26, 1980: Rather overcast this morning and appeared to be threatening rain, however it cleared up later in the day and Akbar took me outdoors for an hour so that I could sit in the sunshine. It was lovely as there was a delightful breeze. He gave me a bottle of "Ski and Sea" suntan lotion as well as a "Sudden Tan by Coppertone". Was glad to have the first one but applied just a touch of the second to the back of my left hand and it is the type that stains, so I don't want to use it. Both, of course, came out of the Embassy CO-OP store. Took a stand-up bath afterward to get the perspiration off me. Then in the evening Hamid came in briefly. None of us had anything to say to him: however, he asked me if I had ever worked in this building (Chancery) and believe he asked Queen the same thing, but don't know whether he asked Hohman. I replied that I had only worked in the Consular Section. Don't know what his enquiry was for or whether it means anything.

Lunch this noon and dinner tonight were quite good—Iranian "Cello Kebab" (Rice and a sort of ground meat in a stick (kebab). Queen assisted on the evening meal and made some scrambled eggs with cheese along with heated, canned tomatoes. Since he has moved back into his former room (the one he occupied next to mine before Hamid put us in one room together), he is eating all his meals by himself which is OK with me since we don't have much to talk about anyway without some argument based on his opinionated views.

June 27, 1980: Very quiet all day today. Akbar brought in a copy of "Arizona Highways" magazine my wife had mailed on June 6 and a letter from my brother dated May 27. Then later in the afternoon he brought in a recent issue of "Time" magazine—a special edition on the Soviet Union. (No other articles except those relating to the Soviet Union.) But only one little "Letter to the Editor" had been censored.

For supper tonight we had a fresh watermelon. I don't often eat it at home, but here it was a treat. I understand they grow lots of melons here so hopefully we will get them more often. Then about 1:00 a.m. (after I had fallen asleep) one of the students brought in three pieces of cake for me. From what I understand, it was some religious occasion—the "Coming of the 12<sup>th</sup> Iman—when all would be peace and love!"—something like the Second Coming of Christ in the Christian belief, I guess.

June 28, 1980: Akbar brought me a full bottle of Aspirin (100 tablets) today. First time that I have ever been able to get such a quantity. Usually they are doled out to me a few at a time or at the most about 20 at one time—then they are always out of them just when I need some. Thought we would have rain today as it clouded over and there was lightning and strong winds. However, it blew over completely except for a lot of dust that came into my room. Supper tonight was very good. Believe it was fixed by the two women hostages here—Ann Swift and Kate Cobb (sp?). Consisted of ham slices with pineapple and candied yams plus a salad of cucumbers and onions, topped off with some apple turnovers that, I was told, were from the frozen stock in the CO-OP. All very good.

June 29, 1980: Quiet day. Nothing going on until late afternoon when Akbar took us to showers. He took me first to the laundry enclosure at he residence where I was able to a have the sun for about 30 minutes. Only had time to do the front of me this time—face and chest as it was already late in the day—about 6:00 p.m. but sun very hot and bright.

I had written Akbar a note asking him to find some things that had been taken from my apartment, namely my German/English pocket dictionary that I had carried in my photographic equipment bag; my wallet that contained a wedding picture of my wife and me, a colored photo of her at the beach, my Retired I.D. card, Social security card, credit cards and drivers license. I also asked for a Parker ballpoint pen and a small brown notebook that had been taken from me a few days after our capture at the time they also took my rings, Timex watch, pocket comb and approximately 5,400 Iranian Rials. My rings, Timex watch and pocket comb have been returned to me. Akbar told me that he is looking for them but hasn't been able to find them! He said that everything is jumbled together!

This is contrary to Queen's assertions that everything has been put in individual boxes with our names on them! I told Akbar that I was sure that this was the case, that is, that the students had no idea where everything is that was taken from us and that their assurances that we will have everything returned to us when we leave is nothing but the same lies I have been told for the past eight months. I realize now that I will never see my personal possessions again. It doesn't matter with regard to many of the items, but there are certain items of sentimental value that I would like to have returned, plus the fact that the students had no right to steal those things from us although they, of course, will not admit to having *stolen* anything. I'm sure that everything of mine has been mixed up with the personal effects of Cy Richardson, since I was in his apartment temporarily and, at this stage of the game it would be impossible to sort them out.

July 1, 1980: Had a squabble with one of the young student guards this morning. When I asked to go to the toilet he didn't tell me it was occupied until he got me out in the corridor, then insisted on wrapping the towel around my head so that I could hardly breathe and then sat me on a chair to wait until the toilet was free! After about 15 minutes of waiting (with the towel around my head) I made an attempt to return to my room as I didn't want to sit in the hallway suffocating. Naturally, without taking the towel off my head I couldn't see where I was and kept bumping into the walls and various objects. After much to-do he let me into the toilet. Then after I had washed my underwear and myself (sponge bath) he came into the toilet and I told him to get out. Since he didn't speak any English, or understand any, we didn't get very far with the conversation but I did make him understand he was to get out. Later I complained to Akbar about it—telling him that even though I was a prisoner I did have certain rights and didn't need anyone to come into the toilet when I was there—that I had the right to a certain amount of privacy, etc. Also told Akbar that I thought the student was a "queer" which Akbar denied, of course, but I have observed the same thing with other students here in the past. Homosexuality is rife in Iran, I understand.

Very hot today. Sat around my room all day just in my underwear briefs. Had a big meal this evening, apparently fixed by the two women hostages—turkey with dressing, cranberry sauce (whole cranberries—not the jelly), fresh lettuce salad. One of the students said that he had talked to Akbar about getting us the better "Barbari" bread in the morning and obtained his approval. No mail today. This morning Akbar brought us each another box of Miles Lab. "One A Day" vitamins and a bottle of Safeway Vitamin "C".

July 2, 1980: Had fresh scrambled eggs, orange juice, and “Barbari” bread (still warm) this morning for breakfast! A real treat! Were told that Akbar scrambled the eggs! Later in the morning I was taken outdoors and sat in the hot sun for about an hour: then taken for a shower. In early evening we received some mail. I received two Spanish books from the Department—the ones used in the FSI Spanish course. Apparently, my wife had requested that they be sent to me as otherwise there has never been any indication on the part of the Department that I even exist or that it knows where I am! Also received a copy of the color photo of me on the exercise bike that appeared in Time and other magazines from someone in Mexico City, asking for my autograph! The copy that he enclosed was taken from a Spanish language magazine, possible the Spanish language edition of Time.

Anyway, in the Spanish text by the photo it mentioned that “He (ODE) is the one who has criticized most strongly the behavior of the Northamerican ‘politicos’ (politicians) “tal como se had podido saber por las entrevistas hechas a los rehenes” which I believe means something like “such as one has been able to know through interviews made with the hostages”. I wonder who has made such interviews as I have never been aware that any news men have been to Tehran to talk with any of the hostages?

Dinner tonight consisted of soup (the usual beef noodles of which there must be several 50 gal. Drums!), but some grilled cheese sandwiches made from the Barbari bread; Kosher dills, and chocolate pudding. Not bad. Apparently one of the two women hostages is helping prepare the evening meals so they are much better. Since our evening meal is much heartier now and served quite late, I am foregoing the usual Iranian lunch of rice with some sort of sauce over it as it is just too much to have a large lunch and another late supper in this heat. It is quite hot now and while it cools off a bit in the evening, I am sleeping just in my underwear briefs all night on top of my mattress. Sometimes I pull a sheet over me for a while during the wee small hours of the morning, but didn’t tonight! Had hoped that something might be accomplished in settling this matter so that we could be released on July 4, our “Freedom Day” but there are no indications that such will be the case.

July 3, 1980: Akbar came around this morning and asked whether we needed anything. I asked whether I could have a jar of Iranian honey but was told that Iranian honey was very scarce and cost a great deal so I would be given a jar of American honey. When I told Akbar that I had seen stores with literally “mountains” of Iranian honey in all forms when I was free to walk around the city last October, he replied that it was very scarce because “the Shah had destroyed all the hives”! When I replied that I had seen much of it last October he said that it was too expensive. I then asked him why he was concerned about the price since they had plenty of our money they had stolen from the Embassy and he replied that they needed the money because we (meaning the U.S. Gov’t) had stolen from Iran for years! Such a warped idea but, of course, they all believe every bit of their own propaganda!

I then asked him if we couldn’t have the mail that had arrived during March, April, May and early June that had not been given to us and he replied that the mail was in Hamid’s office and the “Hamid was very angry!” While he didn’t explain exactly why Hamid was angry, it doesn’t take much to stretch the imagination to understand that he is angry because he is no longer supervising us and can therefore no longer persecute us since, in my opinion, he is a born sadist. Anyway, I asked Akbar that since he is now in charge why Hamid has the right to hold our mail. He replied that he “would try” to get it for us, but I don’t have much hope that he will



do anything. It is the same old story—a different version of everything—no one ever will tell the truth although they always say “Truth Will Prevail” which, again, means nothing at all.

Dinner tonight was more of the turkey, cranberry dressing, cabbage, Brussels sprouts and canned black, sweet cherries. We really are getting too much to eat now at night considering that it is served so late—tonight about 10:00 p.m. No “Barbari Bread” this morning as was told that someone has to stand in line for 1½ hours to get it! Akbar gave each of us a stainless steel diner knife, staging that it was from the Red Cross. This is the first time except for the week I was in the separate house that we have been trusted with knives, as I know that they have many here as the Charge’ had a complete service in sterling and I am using one of the forks.

July 4, 1980: So today is the Fourth of July—some “Grand and Glorious Fourth”, I must say—being our 244<sup>th</sup> day in captivity! Hardly what one would call an “Independence Day”! I presume our great and glorious President is enjoying himself over the weekend at Camp David as well as all of our other hard-working government officials who are certainly not going to let a little matter of 50 hostages spoil their long holiday weekend! Had a short spell out of doors in the sunshine but not really long enough—only about 30 minutes.

Dinner tonight was almost too much and, of course, served way too late—about ten p.m. Had two ears of frozen sweet corn (sort of mushy), some steak but rather tough, green beans and mushrooms, two pieces of chocolate cake that were delicious and a large piece of fresh watermelon. I enjoy the better food, but wish it could be served earlier as it isn’t good to go to bed right after such a large meal. However, beggars (especially captives) cannot be choosers!

Now that the Fourth of July has come and gone I guess our hopes of ever getting out of here within the foreseeable future are practically nil. I had so hoped that some arrangement could be made to free us by our “Freedom Day”. Just wishful thinking, I guess. There was a shouting demonstration outside the Embassy today for our benefit but fortunately it wasn’t as long and vehement as others have been previously. Hopefully, even the Iranians are getting tired of this state of affairs, but again that is probably just wishful thinking.

July 5, 1980: Queen has been very ill for the past several days with some sort of ear trouble that is causing him considerable dizziness and nausea. They finally got the medical student “doctor” in to see him today and then later in the evening an ear specialist. The medical student believed that the trouble is in connection with a stroke that he apparently suffered earlier late last year, in December 1979 I believe, which has caused him a partial paralysis in his right hand and side! The ear specialist is arranging to have him go to the hospital tomorrow for a “CAT Scan”, I believe it is called. It is about time. In his condition he should have been released immediately and sent home or at least taken to a local hospital months ago. Now, I’m afraid, he is going to suffer for the rest of his life because of the neglect during his period of captivity. It is a miracle that others have not been taken seriously ill and it is a national scandal and a national disgrace, as far as I’m concerned, that our government hasn’t done something long before this to obtain our release. The medical student also took an EKG (Electrocardiogram) of me today. Said that everything is normal! Considering my heart condition, I don’t see how that can be!

This evening we had a gorgeous sunset. I commented to Akbar that it would much better from the outside. He apparently didn’t understand me well and asked if I wanted to go outside and I replied, “Yes—forever!” Then he said, “We wish you could too because your being here is causing us a lot of work—we have to work hard all the time!” I told him that he couldn’t expect

me to feel sorry for him or any of the other students for having to work so hard, since our being here was entirely their idea and that they had created the situation—not us! He had no further comment.

Dinner was good tonight. The girls had made a tuna fish salad with hard boiled eggs, onions, etc. in it. In addition we had sliced fresh cucumbers, fresh tomatoes, canned asparagus, canned artichoke hearts and the girls had also baked some cookies—something like oatmeal and nut cookies that were very good.

July 6, 1980: They took Queen to the hospital about nine o'clock this morning. Akbar said he would probably be there only a few hours while they did the "CAT Scan". Anyway, after he left I cleaned up his room which was a mess; not just since his illness but it always is! Books scattered everywhere; dishes all over his desk; unemptied ashtrays that were filthy; dust everywhere, etc. He won't recognize it when he gets back! I dusted everything, cleaned up all his dishes; ashtrays; washed his underwear and shirt; sent his sheets and towel out to be laundered (one of the students took them over to the residence, I believe), and straightened everything up for him. By evening he had not returned, which is good, so the longer they leave him there the better care and treatment he will receive, hopefully!

It is really hot now. Don't know how hot the temperature is outside, but it is plenty warm in my room. I dread to think what August will be which is supposed to be the really hot month here. No mail today so I wrote a couple letters anyway to my wife and my brother-in-law in Potomac. Am also trying to whittle away gradually at some of the letters that I wrote from February through May that never got there and re-writing to some of the people who wrote me such nice letters.

Have decided to cut out my lunch each day which is always an Iranian meal—some sort of rice dish—as in this hot weather I just don't feel well eating too much and now that the girls are fixing our evening meal it is better to concentrate on that. I asked Akbar to try and have the evening meal served earlier and tonight and the night before we have had it about 9:00 or 9:30 which is late enough but at least better than having it at 10:00 or 11:00 as we have had sometimes. It is exactly eight weeks today since Hamid said that "Something will happen within the next few weeks—probably by the end of the month (May)" and still nothing has happened! It was also on May 18 (7 weeks ago) that Akbar came into our room and said that "You shall be going home very soon now" and still nothing has happened!

July 7, 1980: Queen wasn't brought back yesterday and is still in the hospital. That is good as he should be kept there until they have administered sufficient antibiotics or whatever they are giving him for his ear problem and where he can receive proper medical care. One certainly doesn't here and it is a miracle that no one has become more seriously ill. Akbar hasn't shown up all day today and the rest of yesterday after taking Queen to the hospital. No doubt he is remaining personally at the hospital to assure that Queen will not escape! (As though he were in any condition to do so!) However, when Akbar isn't here everything grinds to a halt as no one else is given any authority to do anything. We haven't had any mail now since July 2, nor any showers. I'm sure that with Akbar not here to read our outgoing mail that has come to a halt as well.

July 8, 1980: Queen is still hospitalized and since we haven't seen Akbar since Queen was taken to the hospital I can only assume that Akbar is remaining with him personally assure that he